The Chicago Tribune.

VOL. 23. CHICAGO, SUNDAY, JUNE 19, 1870—WITH SUPPLEMENT. NUMBER 352.

HELP WANTED—MALES.

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALES.

SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALES.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

AGENTS WANTED.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

TO RENT—HOUSES.

TO RENT—ROOMS.

TO RENT—STORES, OFFICES.

WANTED TO RENT.

WANTED—TO EXCHANGE.

FOR SALE.

PERSONAL.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

FINANCIAL.

MACHINERY.

LOST AND FOUND.

INSTRUCTION.

WASHINGTON.

Whittemore's Credentials Presented in the House.

Strong Feeling Against His Readmission.

Further Debate in the Senate on the Post Office Appropriation Bill.

FORTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

IOWA.

A Republican State Convention to be Nominated.

JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT.

Letter from W. K. McAllister.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

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Abbe Liszt.

Extract from a Private Letter.

Special Sale.

Does Advertising Pay?

Window Screens.

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New Goods on Monday.

For the Ladies.

An Important Feature.

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MARYLAND.

An Embezzling Postmaster—A Costly Kiss—Murder in Baltimore.

Railroad Aid Proposition Defeated at Sandwich.

MARRIED.

DIED.

DRY GOODS.

THE RETAIL STORE OF CARSON, PIRIE & CO., 118 & 120 STATE-ST.

GREAT SEMI-ANNUAL SALE!

A LARGE STOCK OF DRY GOODS

That must be exchanged into Money before July 5, when we inventory stock.

Every Dollar's Worth of Spring and Summer Stock

MUST AND WILL BE SOLD

If Sacrifices in Price will do it.

Splendid Chance for Purchasers.

Beginning on MONDAY, June 20, we shall offer to the public the following among many other bargains:

A full line of all shades in Mixed Wash Poplins (very nice for Travelling Suits), 12½ cts. a yard.

4-4 Printed English Percales, at 15 cts. a yard, former price 35 cts.

Lot of neat Mixed Poplins (in one color only), reduced from 35 cts. a yard to 12½ cts.

Good styles Spring Delaines, 12½ cts. a yard.

Line of pretty Printed Lawns for 12½ cts. a yard.

A lot of Striped French Ginghams at 18 cts., half price.

28 inch. Taiko Poplins, Mohair filling, for 25 cts., really worth 50 cts.

Handsome Gray Mohairs, double fold, 35 cts. a yard, half price.

All high priced and best quality Dress Goods also reduced.

38 inch Silk and Wool Poplins, desirable styles, for 50 cts. a yard.

Lyons Roll Poplins for 75 cts. a yard, half price.

Real good Black Alpacas reduced to 25 cts.

Bargains in Black Grenadines.

A lot of Manufacturers' Remnants White Irish Linens, 25 cts. a yard, half price.

Great reductions in Ladies' and Gents' Summer Underwear and Hosiery.

Ladies' White Cotton Hose, 12½ cts. a yard.

Men's Eng. Bro. Half Hose, 20 and 25 cts.

Ladies' Hem. Stitch Hdkfs., pure Linen, 10 cts.

REAL Maltese Lace Collars, 25 cts.

Kid Gloves reduced to 50 cts. a pair.

Llama Lace Shawls greatly reduced.

Bargains in Cloths and Cassimeres.

All-Wool Cassimeres, 55 cts. a yard, up.

TUCK MARKER.

JENSEN & CO.,

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers of

Jensen's Adjustable Edge Stitcher AND IMPROVED TUCK MARKER,

For all Sewing Machines,

55 Madison-st., Cor. of State-st., CHICAGO, ILL.

THE EXCITEMENT

HOUSE FURNISHING.

DALTON & CO., 71 LAKE-ST.,

Offer great inducements to buyers of the following seasonable Goods:

REFRIGERATORS, ICE BOXES, MEAT SAFES.

CHERRY STONERS. FLUTING MACHINES.

BATH TUBS, FLY TRAPS, GAS STOVES, CARPET SWEEPERS, BIRD CAGES, KEROSENE STOVES.

VICHY WATERS.

GENUINE VICHY WATER,

REMOVAL.

W. OLIVER MUII, ARTIST,

Has Removed to 180 Washington-st., Blake's Building.

INSTRUCTION.

Daily Piano Lessons for Children.

MEDICAL.

Radical Cure & Magnetic Institute,

WIRE CLOTH.

WIRE CLOTH,

The Best Article in the world to keep out FLIES, MOSQUITOES, &c.

MARKLEY, ALLING & CO., 51 LAKE-ST.

MILLINERY.

SPECIAL SALE!

MILLINERY.

WEBSTERS' 78 LAKE-ST.

We shall offer for the next TEN DAYS our ENTIRE WHOLESALE STOCK MILLINERY and STRAW GOODS, at

RETAIL,

Without Regard to Cost.

LADIES will take NOTICE that this is our LAST GREAT SALE to close out SUMMER STOCK.

Our different departments of

LADIES' FURNISHING GOODS

FIRST FLOOR, 78 LAKE-ST.

MILLINERY, FANCY GOODS AND JEWELRY, At Great Bargains!

S.T. WING, 36 West Randolph-st.

Only one half block from Randolph-st. Bridge, next door to Phelps & Co.'s Dry Goods Store.

36 WEST RANDOLPH-ST.

GROCERIES.

Stanton & Co., 135 Lake-st.,

Have completed the marking down of their full stock of

FAMILY GROCERIES, Wines, Liquors, & Cigars,

LOW FREIGHTS AND LOW GOLD.

WE CALL FOR ORDERS

And deliver goods in all parts of the city FREE OF CHARGE.

STANTON & CO., 49 State-st.

JAS. B. HODGES, No. 44 State-st.,

OFFERS A Fresh & Desirable Stock, CAREFULLY SELECTED FOR THIS MARKET, OF

FINE GROCERIES, WINES AND CIGARS,

And would call the attention of housekeepers and the public to the QUALITY and PRICES of his goods.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

Robert Fergus' Sons PRINTERS Office, 14 CLARK ST. Established 1840.

Printing House, 244 to 248 Illinois Street.

FURS.

FURS FURS For security from Moths and all other Damage, send your Furs to J. A. SMITH & CO., 98 State-st.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BITTERS.

Why Suffer with DYSPEPSIA and INDIGESTION when a Remedy is at hand?

DeHAVEN'S WILD CHERRY BITTERS

BUSINESS CHANCES.

TO PRINTERS.

Job Office For Sale.

FOR SALE, AT OTTAWA, ILL.

FURNITURE.

FURNITURE, FURNITURE.

A. L. HALE & BRO., 10, 12, 14 & 16 Canal-st.

We have still on hand a large amount of goods, damaged by the late fire, which we offer at great bargains. We are also ready to fill orders for new goods of all descriptions, at lower prices than any other house in the West. Consult your own interests by calling before buying elsewhere.

A. L. HALE & BRO.

GILBERT & SAMPSON.

IMMENSE STOCK OF RICH AND MEDIUM

FURNITURE AT Reduced Prices.

Choicest and Newest Styles.

GILBERT & SAMPSON, Furniture Manufacturers and Dealers, 113 and 115 State-st.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

WM. W. STRONG, 263 Randolph-st.

DENTISTRY.

D. M. TOWNER, DENTIST, 181 & 183 West Madison-st.

VITALIZED AIR GIVEN IN EXTRACTING TEETH. NO PAIN. NO DANGER.

Extracting Teeth, each, - - 50c

Artificial Teeth, very best, $20 to $25

Cheaper Sets, - - - $10 to $15

Solid Gold Fillings, - - $2 to $4

Silver Fillings, - - - $1 to $3

TEETH EXTRACTED AND NEW ONES IMMEDIATELY REPLACED.

EXCURSIONS.

FOURTH JULY!

GOODRICH'S Splendid Side-Wheel Steamers

Will make hourly trips during the whole day.

TO EVANSTON

Goodrich Steamers, On the 4th of July.

T. G. BUTLIN, Superintendent.

MASONIC.

Second Annual Picnic of Chicago Consistory, S.·. P.·. R.·. S.·. 32°, AT YOUNG'S GROVE, Thursday, June 30, 1870.

Tickets, $1 Each.

FLOUR.

FLOUR.

NORTON & CO., Oriental Mills Flour and Feed Store, P. O. Box 273. Madison-st. Bridge.

GENERAL NOTICES.

NOTICE.

French and Board.

Denison's Celebrated ROOT BEER.

A Healthy, Pleasant Summer Drink.

INTEREST ON CITY BONDS.

SASH BALANCE.

STOP IT! STOP IT!

NEW SASH BALANCE.

'TIS WONDERFUL! 'TIS PERFECT!

ERASING FLUIDS.

SANFORD MANUFACTURING CO.

REAL ESTATE.

GREAT SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT MILWAUKEE, WIS.

600 BUILDING LOTS, OF VARIOUS SIZES.

Town of Hyde Park.

NOTICE OF PUBLIC SALE

By Order of the Board of Trustees.

On Saturday, June 25, 1870.

Norwood Park

AN ELEGANT NORTH SIDE RESIDENCE FOR SALE.

HOUSE FOR SALE.

BUSINESS CARDS.

ROCKWOOD & BLOCKI, IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, 192 Lake, and 20 Wells-sts.

Geo. G. Bates. Lothrop S. Hodges.

LAW OFFICE No. 124 Washington-st.

SMITH & KOHLSAAT, PROBATE LAWYERS.

JUSTIN HAYES, M. D. SPECIALTY, 189 Wabash-av.

TO RENT.

TRIBUNE BUILDING STORES.

Stores on Madison and Dearborn-sts., Tribune Fire-Proof Building; Stores on Washington-st.; a few very desirable offices in the Tribune Building, to Rent. Inquire of WM. C. DOW, 116 LaSalle-st.

TO RENT.

TO RENT.

TO RENT, Store 88 Washington-st., Corner Dearborn.

HOTEL OPENING.

ST. CAROLINE'S COURT.

THIS NEW AND Elegant Hotel,

Wednesday Morning, July 6.

AUCTION SALES.

SALE OF ARMY MULES.

CHURCH LOT AT AUCTION.

DOOR PLATES.

DOOR PLATES. DOOR PLATES.

STOCK SALE.

ANNUAL SALE AT WOODBURN STUD FARM.

SEWING MACHINES.

WEED FAMILY FAVORITE SEWING MACHINES

FASHION MAGAZINE.

NOW READY, FOR JULY,

And for sale by the WESTERN NEWS COMPANY, and all Dealers, the

CHICAGO MAGAZINE OF Fashion, Music, & Home Reading.

Mrs. M. L. RAYNE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, 110 Dearborn-st.

COAL AND WOOD.

COAL! COAL! COAL!

WE TAKE PLEASURE TO announce to our friends and the public in general, that we are now ready to receive orders for all kinds of Hard and Soft Coal, ALL KINDS OF WOOD, Which we will sell at Lowest Market Price, delivered to any part of the city. Office and Yard, 18 River-st., South Side of Rush-st. Bridge.

LINDAUER & CO.

All orders left at 27 Lake-st., will be promptly attended to.

CARRIAGES.

ARMORY OF THE 22d REGIMENT.

WOOD BROTHERS, OF NEW YORK,

FINE PLEASURE CARRIAGES,

Fourteenth-st., between Sixth and Seventh-avs.

SOLD AT COST OF PRODUCTION.

Elegant Close Coaches - $1,000

Landaus - - - $1,500 to 1,650

Clarences - - - 1,400 to 1,650

Wagons - - - - 350 to 400

THESE CARRIAGES HAVE NO SUPERIOR in ELEGANCE, DURABILITY, OR FINISH.

GUARANTEES MADE GOOD IN EVERY CITY OF THE UNION.

THEY ALSO OFFER

PONY CARRIAGES, New Designs, for - - - - - - $150

PONY CARRIAGES, with Rumble Seat for Servants, 300

FINANCIAL.

OGDEN, SHELDON & SCUDDER, 162 Lake-st., CHICAGO.

Loans upon Real Estate at ruling rates. County, Town, and City Bonds negotiated.

MONEY TO BUY RENTS, Leases, Mortgages, Just Claims in Probate, of Heirs, to Pay Taxes, to Turn Corners, and Loans on Short Time.

SOUTH PARK BONDS.

$250,000 TO LOAN, in sums to suit, on good securities. ADOLPH LOEB & BROTHER, 132 LaSalle-st.

SHORT LOANS. MONEY TO LOAN.

MONEY TO LOAN

Money to Loan

SUMMER RESORTS.

LAKE SIDE HOUSE, Madison, Wisconsin.

Versailles Mineral Springs.

HOXIE HOUSE.

PROPOSALS.

Proposals for Wood and Coal.

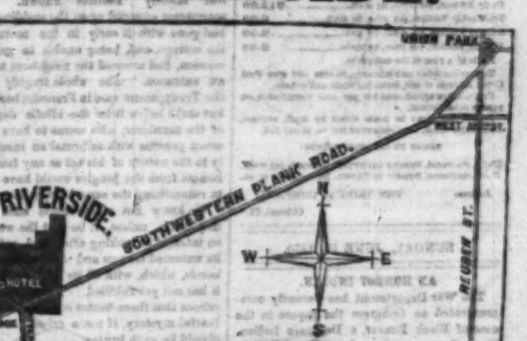
PROPOSALS FOR COAL.

TEA.

ANOTHER CONSIGNMENT OF SAMPLE TEA

RIVERSIDE.

RIVERSIDE.



THE ABOVE CUT SHOWS THE BEST ROUTE TO RIVERSIDE BY CARRIAGE.

The Riverside Improvement Company have scraped and rolled the Southwestern Plank Road, so that it is now a very good driving road from Union Park to RIVERSIDE, and will serve for temporary use until their magnificent Park-Way is thrown open to public use.

Trains leave the Union Depot on the C. B. & Q. R. R. for Riverside at 7, 7:40, 10:45 a. m. 1:30, 4:15, 5, 5:30, 6:15 and 11:30 p. m. Returning, leave Riverside at 6:10, 7:33, 8:15, 9:55, 9:30 a. m., 3, 3:37, 4:45 and 6:45 p. m.

Gentlemen and Ladies visiting Riverside can leave at 1:30 p. m., and

Get Dinner at the Refectory Upon the Arrival of the Train,

And if they choose can obtain Supper before the departure of the 6:45 p. m. train

AMUSEMENTS.

DEARBORN THEATRE.

TOT,

That Rascal Pat,

THE GREAT JUGGLING ACT.

The Celebrated Original Ladder Dance.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.

BILLY EMERSON, MINSTREL TROUPE,

MR. GEORGE WILKES.

THE SHOWER OF CATS.

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE.

THE GREEN HUNTSMAN.

ZOE AND LILA DeLAVE,

RITA SANGALI

Blondowsky Ballet Troupe.

AIKEN'S MUSEUM.

DORA.

GRAND GARDEN CONCERT, At the Lincoln Park House,

HAAS' PARK.

ST. GEORGE'S PICNIC, AT HAAS' PARK, THURSDAY, July 14, 1870.

"YE OLDEN SPORTS OF MERRIE ENGLAND"

DEXTER PARK.

RUNNING RACES, Dexter Park, July 1, 2 and 4.

BANKING.

GERMAN SAVINGS BANK OF CHICAGO.

UNION INSURANCE AND TRUST CO. Savings Bank,

FOR FOREIGN EXCHANGE APPLY TO HENRY GREENEBAUM & CO., BANKERS, Corner Lake and LaSalle-sts.

Letters of Credit for Travellers issued available throughout the World.

Commercial Credits opened to Importers on reasonable terms.

PIANOS.

We Respectfully Invite the Attention

STEINWAY

SMITH & NIXON,

WANTED.

PARTNER WANTED.

Horse and Buggy Wanted.

AUCTION SALES.

By G. P. GORE & CO.,

Regular Saturday's Sale OF NEW AND SECOND-HAND FURNITURE,

SATURDAY, June 25, at 9½ a. m.

GEO. P. GORE & CO., 22, 24, & 26 Randolph-st.,

TUESDAY, June 21, at 9½ a. m.

Dry Goods, Cassimeres, Hosiery, Straw and Wool Hats, Gent's Neck Wear, Millinery Goods, Ladies' Switches, Chignons, Linen Handkerchiefs, Trimmings, Notions, &c.

Large and Attractive Sale of Boots and Shoes,

On Wednesday, June 22, at 9:30 a. m.

Men's, Boys', Youth's, Women's, Misses' and Children's Wear,

SERGE GOODS.

GEO. P. GORE & CO.

By WM. A. BUTTERS & CO.,

Regular Saturday's Sale, AT AUCTION,

AT AUCTION,

BOOTS, SHOES, BALMORALS, HATS, STRAW AND MILLINERY GOODS, AT AUCTION,

AT AUCTION,

By COLBY & WIRTS.

Special Sale.

NEW FURNITURE,

Tuesday, June 21, at 10 o'clock.

By AMBROSE SPENCER & CO.

Auction Sale at ELI B. WESTON'S LIVERY STABLE, 192 State-st.,

Tuesday, June 21, at 10 o'clock a. m.

SPLENDID LOT OF HORSES.

HARNESS.

By GRUBB & MEYER,

New and Second-Hand Furniture.

OCEAN STEAMERS.

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.

ALLAN LINE OF OCEAN STEAMERS.

The Montreal Ocean Steamship Co.'s Powerful Mail Steamers

From QUEBEC for LIVERPOOL.

ANCHOR LINE.

To and from New York and Liverpool, Glasgow, Dublin, and all Railway Stations in Great Britain and Ireland.

LAKE NAVIGATION.

FOR BUFFALO.

IDAHO,

Northern Transportation Co.

LINE OF STEAMERS

PASSENGER STEAMERS LEAVE GOODRICH'S STEAMBOAT LANDING,

LAUNDRY.

LAUNDRY

The Chicago Tribune.

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Daily, delivered, Sunday excepted, 25 cents per week.
Daily, delivered, Sunday included, 30 cents per week.

Address THE TRIBUNE COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

SUNDAY, JUNE 19, 1870.

AN HONEST INDIAN.

The War Department has recently communicated to Congress the papers in the case of Black Beaver, a Delaware Indian. From these papers, we learn the following history of this Indian:

Black Beaver is now an old man, and one of the survivors of the once powerful tribe of Delawares. The remnants of this tribe, with other affiliating bands, were located in the Indian Territory forty years ago. When the Mexican war broke out Black Beaver raised a company of Delawares and Shawnees, and was mustered into the service as Captain. He served with his company during the whole of that war, and then returned to the Indian country. He then served the United States as a guide and interpreter, being principally employed at Forts Cobb and Arbuckle, in the Indian Territory. His fidelity and capacity are attested by Generals Marcy, Emory, Sturgis, Stanley, Sackett, and by all the military and civil officers who were ever stationed in that country. Five years preceding the rebellion, Black Beaver, then located near Forts Cobb and Arbuckle, turned his attention to stock-raising. He had an unlimited pasture. He had provided himself with a log house, furnished in white man's style, and had a stock of groceries laid in. He had wagons, and horses, and mules. His stock consisted of 250 cows, 200 steers under 3 years old, 150 steers over 4 years old, 800 hogs; 90 acres of improved land, and 4,500 bushels of corn. In the spring of 1861 there were portions of the army stationed at Forts Smith, Cobb, and Arbuckle, and General Emory was in command. The situation of these troops was critical. Communication with the government was impossible. General Emory, in the absence of orders, took the responsibility of concentrating all these troops at Fort Arbuckle, and then proceed with them to Kansas. His action was not taken too soon. Even before he could concentrate his troops a force of 4,000 rebels from Texas and 2,000 from Arkansas were on the march to cut off his retreat and capture his force. The fact of this hostile force being on the march compelled General Emory, with his comparatively small command, to travel on the open prairie, but to do this, guides were absolutely essential. The General writes, "And of all the Indians upon whom the government had been lavishing its bounty, Black Beaver was the only one who would consent to lead my column." "He was the first to warn me of the approach of the enemy, and gave me the information by which I was enabled to capture the enemy's advance guard." The other Indians were all in the interest of the rebels. The majority of Black Beaver's neighbors fought in the rebel ranks during the war. Before he left to guide Emory, he was aware of the sacrifice he was making, and Emory promised him he should be paid for his losses. He therefore left his property, and guided the troops across the country. As he had anticipated, the disappointed rebels were furious. They, and the Indian allies, seized all his stock, and proclaimed him an outlaw. So intense has been the hatred of this faithful guide that it is attested by all the witnesses that, were he to return to that place, even at this late date, he would be assassinated.

Black Beaver is now 60 years of age, and, with his family, is destitute. He is no longer able to toil. He has never received any compensation for his services, nor has he ever been paid for the property sacrificed by his leaving it to guide the army from the Indian country. He estimates the value of his property at $20,000, and he enumerates every item he had.

General Emory writes a letter, in which he affirms that every word the old man states is true. He also confirms the fact of his having a stock farm, and that it was all lost by his patriotic devotion. This service was rendered nine years ago, by the only man in all the Indian country who could be induced, for any sum, to act as guide. The loss of General Emory's force, at that time, would have been equal to a loss of five millions of dollars. The government would have offered and paid $100,000 to anyone who would communicate with it. This honest Indian, standing alone in all the Indian country, abandoned the accumulations of a lifetime, and, with wife and children, turned his back upon the home which was forever after to be closed to them, and bravely, skilfully, patriotically, and successfully guided the army across the plains, defeating the enemy, and bringing to the support of the government, at that critical moment, a large portion of its Regular Army. If Congress can find time, and there be any money in the Treasury not already promised to the lobby, would it not be well to do an act of national justice, and pay this old veteran for his sacrifice, and keep him, in his old age, from want and suffering? Perhaps Black Beaver might stand a chance of obtaining something if he would ask for a subsidy to enable him to build a line of steamers, or to "improve a bar" at the mouth of some river. In that form, his application might find a large support.

AN ENGLISH TRAUPPMANN.

The last great horror in the annals of crime, the murder of a family of seven persons at Uxbridge, England, has been brought fully to light, and the murderer now awaits his certain doom. He appears to have been one of the lowest order of "tramps," or "haymakers," as they are there called, whose daily life alternated between starving, stealing, and the jail. He had come into Uxbridge the night before and stopped at a low lodging house, wearing certain clothes which were found on the premises of the unfortunate family. On Saturday night, he left his lodgings for plunder. The family upon whose premises he entered consisted of Emanuel Marshall, a village blacksmith, aged 35 years; Charlotte, his wife; Mary Anne, his sister, who was to be married the next day; three children, to-wit: Mary, of 8 years, Thomas, of 6, Gertrude, of 4, and Mary Marshall, the grandmother, aged 77. A little boy, the only survivor of the family, had been sent from home to be out of the way of the wedding.

The husband, Emanuel, seemed to have been the first victim. Either roused by the operations of the burglar in his adjoining "smithy," or, rising early, as was his habit, he encountered the wretch the moment he entered the shop and, after a severe struggle, was brained with his own hammer. The noise and outcries aroused his wife, who rushed down in her night dress, and was felled with the same weapon. His sister followed and was instantly despatched, apparently without a struggle, and, probably, without learning in the darkness the nature of the danger. The children came running down in their night clothes and were murdered one by one as they appeared. The grandmother remained asleep and was killed with a single blow of the hammer as she lay in her bed. The body of the blacksmith was then dragged into the dwelling and partially covered. The murderer seems then to have left the cottage without even changing his clothes, for, at a few minutes before 3 in the morning, he was met by a policeman about a third of a mile from the house, wearing the clothes which were left on the premises. Apparently with some confused intent to throw the policeman off the scent, he told him that a little while before, a man and his wife, walking along the cut, had been quarrelling, and the man threatened to throw his wife into the cut. "If he had thrown her in," said the murderer, "I would have thrown him in." The policeman remarked his appearance, showed him the way he said he wanted to go, and saw no more of him till he was arrested. He appears, however, to have returned to the house, dressed himself in Marshall's clothes, and, on coming from the house, was spoken to by a witness, who at first mistook him for Marshall. He then returned to his lodgings, spent the day and night in debauchery, left the next day for Reading, and was there captured. The train by which he left, brought the lover who was to have married one of the murdered persons. The tragedy had already become known. The seamstress engaged upon the wedding dress had gone with it early in the morning to the cottage, and, being unable to gain admission, had aroused the neighbors to force an entrance. The whole tragedy equals the Trauppmann case in France in barbarity, but sinks below it in the idiotic depravity of the murderer, who seems to have killed seven persons with as brutal an insensibility to the nature of his act as any famishing lioness from the jungles would have shown in committing the same bloody havoc.

We know not what lesson such crimes may teach, unless it be that the world has an interest in looking after and reforming its untamed tramps and disregarded vagabonds, which, with all its means of reform, it has not yet fulfilled. They are fearful crimes that these brutes commit, and it is a fearful mystery, if not a crime, that there should be such brutes.

THE DISAGREEING DOCTORS OF PARIS.

It was once our fortune to stand by the bedside of a friend, to whom two rival physicians had been called, and who came together. They differed as to the disease, and they differed as to the treatment, and they particularly differed as to the necessity of the presence of each other. One was deaf, and, taking refuge in his deafness, he talked much, heard nothing, and, so far, had the advantage over his opponent. The other, finding words of no avail, resorted to his horse-whip, and enforced his arguments in that fashion. The patient, meanwhile, tossed about upon his pillow; rolled his eyes, bright and large with fever, from one to the other, appealing in vain for relief; muttered a delirious accompaniment to the loud quarrel of the doctors, and turned his face, in due season, to the wall, and considerately died. So both the systems triumphed, for neither cured the sick man, who left nothing but a question of what might have been to be quarrelled over, in which he took no further interest.

Something of the same sort has been going on in Paris, for some months past, on a large scale, where the doctors have been wrangling over the question of the utility of vaccination. Small-pox, while the discussion went on, has taken advantage of the situation, and become an epidemic. The death-rate from this disease, for the three first months of the year, as compared with the two years previous, was as follows:

	1868.	1869.	1870.
January	30	64	102
February	71	42	208
March	76	98	411

The increase was large to begin with, and it grew worse and worse with each succeeding month. Some of the doctors, no doubt, were gratified with the great number of interesting cases they were called upon to treat, and, when a fresh patient died, there could be no question that small-pox was, not only a hard thing to cure, but that the case before them was an unmistakable one of small-pox. When all was over, however, most of the patients, could their wishes have been consulted at that stage of the business, would probably have preferred vaccination to the alternative of dying, and would have been unreasonable enough to have refused to go into their coffins for the settlement of a scientific theory. But, as they were not consulted, the medical men took the three months for a most learned discussion as to whether vaccination was really of any use as a prophylactic in the presence of small-pox; as to whether, if it was a measure of defence against small-pox, it did not superinduce other diseases, quite as bad; as to whether, in case it should be used at all, the virus should be taken from the original heifer, or from the human subject. Meanwhile, it was for the interest of science that vaccination should not be used at all, and, in the interest of science, the patients died as comfortably, and with as little fuss and loathsomeness, as circumstances would admit of. At last, however, the learned have come to a conclusion, and the Medical Commission, appointed by the hospitals of Paris, have made a report, in which they say of vaccination:

"We all know that, in a certain number of cases, [illegible] ... the exception."

If the reader will give his mind to this extract for a few minutes, he will learn that, on the whole, vaccination is a good thing, and that whoever is vaccinated is not very likely to die of small-pox. The 805 Parisians who did die of it between the 1st of January and the 1st of April of this year, would probably have been very much obliged to the doctors if they had found this out before the 1st of January.

We published, a few days since, a report of the enforcing of the ordinance in regard to vaccination in a boarding house in this city, where a supposed case of small-pox existed. The action of the Board of Health on that occasion was precisely the right thing to do. Here, as everywhere else in this country, where the immigration is large, we are constantly exposed to danger from this virulent and loathsome disease, and the careful enforcement of the ordinance shows how much we are indebted to it for our exemption from an epidemic. Our physicians have not yet dropped the lancet and taken to dialectics instead, and the consequence is that, within the last four years, there have been but 289 deaths in this city from small-pox; during the year 1869 there were but 17 deaths; and since the 1st of January of this year, the deaths from this cause have thus far been only six. Most, if not all these have been among immigrants, or among those who have been exposed to contact with them. No case, however, ever occurs that it is not, at once, reported either by the attending physician or by the vigilant Sanitary Inspector, and measures are immediately taken, not only to isolate the patient, but to warn the public that the disease exists in a given locality, and to vaccinate or revaccinate all persons who may have been exposed to the disease in that locality. The result is safety to the health of the community, as it is everywhere else where vaccination is believed in and practised. In Dublin, Ireland, for instance, it is compulsory, and there occurred there in 1869 only six deaths from small-pox. In St. Louis, on the other hand, they are lax in using this precaution, and, consequently, the deaths there, last year, were 250, almost as many as there have been here in four years,—and the exposure in the two cities is about the same,—and since the 1st of January of this year, the deaths there have been 140 to our six. In Cincinnati, where the faculty are divided upon the question of the utility of vaccination, nature teaches the same lesson. In 1869 the deaths were 123, and since the 1st of January, this year, 75. In both cities they had much better learn wisdom by our experience, though possibly they had rather die, even with small-pox, than agree with Chicago.

It is curious that there should be at this day, after the experience of the whole civilized, and a portion of the semi-civilized, world, for so many years, any question raised upon this subject, and it only shows how prone the human mind is to believe in, and hold to, a theory in spite of the attestation of facts. It is quite possible that the vaccine virus may sometimes convey a virus of some other disease, but the instances in which any harm is done are almost, if not quite, infinitesimal in comparison to the number where the vaccine virus alone is conveyed, and the small-pox prevented. The question in any given case is simply this, and nothing else—Is it best to die of small-pox, or to certainly escape that disease and its consequences, and accept the possible and infinitesimal risk of the acquisition of some other, which may, or may not, after all be dangerous? We doubt if there are many men who, when the question is put in this practical and common-sense way, will not at once roll up their shirt-sleeves.

The same question of the propriety of taxing the people to sustain denominational education, which has been so much agitated in this country, is on the tapis in the British House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone thought "the country was not ripe for the entire exclusion of religion from the schools," still he "would be willing to make compulsory education undenominational." Finally, he hoped the changes proposed "would speedily give the great blessings of elementary education to those now reluctant to trust anything to the Church, and willing to trust it to the community." These somewhat contradictory statements seem to say that Mr. Gladstone has introduced a progressive measure looking to the ultimate separation of the schools from denominational influence, but that he thinks the country not ripe for the full, immediate consummation of this policy. Mr. Disraeli treats the measure in the same light by alluding to it sarcastically as a proposition by the House of Commons "to revolutionize the character of its own people." The author of "Lothair" knows the popular value of an aphorism, and seldom speaks without coining one.

SENSATIONAL PREACHING.

Since the object of religion is to make us happy, some people seem to think the proper study of its ministers should be to amuse. When we have been sorely tried during the week by divers vexations, when the Museum has gone into the moral drama, and the Opera House is inculcating dreary lessons in the A B C's of virtue, we sometimes sit down to a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Funniman, in the lively faith that we shall hear a great many good jokes that are dear to us from hallowed associations of long standing, and, possibly, some that have the merit of novelty. We think it was Michael Angelo who first observed that the chief value of a picture lay in its frame, which accounts for his preference for painting in fresco. So the great charm and point of an ecclesiastical joke depends, like a certified bank check, on the fund that is behind it. The carved work of the pulpit, the little images of the cherubim that hold up the cushion, the grave gothic and thoroughly fashionable tone of the whole place, so worldly and business-like, and yet so select, all conspire to give piquancy and zest to an anecdote though it be rather ancient, or a little weak.

Since the first and most serious inquiry made by certain congregations in employing their pastor is, "can he tell a good story," we propose to lay down some rules by which the flock may avoid being swindled, as they sometimes are, by a man who professes to be funny in his experimental sermon, but who has none of the real spirit of Joe Miller in him. Be it known then that real wit is a physical virtue. A sallow, bilious, and cadaverous parson may, by dint of hard pounding on a joke book, or purely by accident, sometimes get off things of a certain order, but, in most cases, it is without knowing it. One of this sort once took for his provocation the words, "Thy feet are like hinds' feet," and by showing that in the original this read, "Thy feet are like hens' feet," he developed the union of three toes into one foot, as a thing of such deep spiritual significance, that, from that hour to this, we have been as reluctant to eat pullet, unless it was fricasseed, as an orthodox Egyptian is to eat a cow. But pure wit, lasting humor, that can be relied to keep up roars of laughter for fifty-two Sundays in the year, subject to necessary exchanges with other funny clergymen, is largely a grace of the body, and pervades the lymphatic tissues. The good man should be round, not lean and Cassius-like. Then his sallies of mirth will have an easy power that meagre witlings can not acquire. Lean men are metaphysical, and, when you get right down to where they live, a hundred chances to one they are in earnest about some pet hobby they have in tow, and this a minister who understands himself, and amuses his audience, never will be. Having secured a preacher of fine animal spirits, one who is always funny, whether in the pulpit or out of it, who will attend all the weddings himself, and send the funerals generously to his competitors, the next point is to be wide-awake on the topics. None but the latest sensations should be treated. Instead of Daniel in the lions' den, a threadbare topic, the late narrow escape of Mademoiselle Mazeppa, of the Bowery, from being chawed up by her favorite lioness will afford a touching occasion for alluding to the heroic qualities which the softer sex invariably display in their struggle for the support of their parents, bowed to the earth under the senility of superannuated old age. From this somewhat striking text the reverend gentleman passes to lively anecdotes, illustrative of the instinct of animals, never failing to include the elephant at Elgin, who would not cross the bridge over Fox River, knowing it was going to break down the very next day, "which it did." This enables the preacher to say that the same elephant had better be invited into our Court House, which is one of those sallies at the architects that must be heard to be appreciated.

We are not prepared to assert that a preacher who fails to amuse should be hissed, but it is, at least, admissible that the congregation should express their sense of the indignity by either reading, studying the physiognomy or dress of their neighbors, or going to sleep. Some allowance must be made for the fact that a preacher cannot change the scenery, or even his costume, in most churches, and that he is only one, while the dramatic stage may shift the *dramatis personæ* with appropriate changes of costume and action momently. Perhaps the pulpit cannot, therefore, fairly be held up to that high standard of low comedy which may be achieved with the aid of all the accessories of the stage. How long this paucity of aids and poverty of resources is to continue we cannot predict. Mr. Herbert Spencer informs us that in their origin the theatre and the church were one, all histrionic representations being designed to illustrate religious subjects. This is, in a manner, reversed in the church of the period, wherein the church and the theatre are made one, the intent and object of the sermon being to provoke laughter. And yet, if it be true that the stage and the pulpit had the same origin, it would seem now that the pulpit is becoming so excessively amusing, that we must be getting back to the primitive church.

We take leave to protest against all the funny pastors in a lump. Not that an illustration or form of words which comes naturally must be discarded because some persons may smile at it, but because, if there be anything serious in this life, the pulpit, which seeks to point us to the life to come, is the appropriate place for its enunciation and enforcement. Let the street preachers of London, on the one hand, and Brigham Young, on the other, have a monopoly in the exhibition of merriment over the Word of God.

England is distressed by the recent arrival from India of the Nawab Nizam of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, the titular and nominal King of these three great provinces of India. He derives his title, and with it a claim to the nice little income of £570,000 a year, by virtue of being the sixth in descent from Meer Mahomet Jaffier Ali Khan, who, by an act of treachery to his sovereign, and on the promise of this annuity and the title of Nizam of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, betrayed his country and gave victory to Clive at the battle of Plassey.

The reward of dishonor has been gradually whittled down from the original sum to a mere £73,200, and nearly all vestiges of the sovereignty or real authority of the Nizam, or Prince, have disappeared. Against these infractions of the treaty he complains. He is certainly to be congratulated upon the fact that his ancestor received the highest reward ever paid to a traitor. But where there are so many of his class to be provided for, and the profits of his ancestor's crime seem so large a sum to pay for so small a whistle, it is natural that England should hesitate between the expenses of sustaining a very dubious honor and the economy of telling the Nizam and his family to go to work and earn their living.

—Receipts of cotton at the various ports in the United States show that the crop of 1869 will reach about 3,237,000 bales, which is considerably in excess of previous estimates. In the meanwhile the cry begins to come up from the cotton plantations of a scarcity of corn and its consequent high price. In the interior of Alabama corn is now selling at $2.50 per bushel, on credit, and large numbers of planters are compelled to buy at that rate to enable them to live till the new cotton crop comes in, having adhered to the old Southern idea that it is more profitable to raise cotton exclusively and buy food.

—Four boys, on Tuesday of last week, rode down the inclined plane of a mill track at Corry, Penn. It was not fine sport. Henry Hall and David Connell escaped with only slight injuries. Barton Fargo sustained a fracture of the right leg and arm, with six severe contusions on both limbs. Calvin J. Lake had both his legs crushed, and the bones of one ankle almost to powder, and the collar bone broken. The left leg was amputated below the knee.

THE WORLD OF AMUSEMENT.

Moving.

The Doubt About It.

Accumulation.

The Philosophy of It.

Moralizing.

The Result of It.

Amusements.

At Home and Abroad.

CHICAGO, June 18.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

Did you ever move?

Not, as according to Webster, to have vital action, but did you ever pack up all your earthly goods and get?

If not, don't.

Between moving in this sense, small-pox, attending a woman's-rights' convention, listening to a three-hour sermon, raising poultry, and cleaning out sewers, there should always be the benefit of a doubt.

Any one of these things is bad enough, but which is the worst has never been decided.

As no one man could ever live to accomplish them all, I submit the question to the Lyceum of the Y. M. C. A. for discussion. It is a part of the creed of the young gentlemen connected with that association to believe that they were sent into this world to bear crosses, &c. I think it would be well, therefore, for six of their smartest debaters to take upon themselves these six crosses. Let one of them pack up and move the household goods of a three-story family on a rainy day; the second, have a good smart case of small-pox—none of your homeopathic boarding-house measles; the third, listen to Brother Moody, or any other of the brethren, upon the difference between a theological tweedledum and tweedledee for three hours on a hot afternoon; the fourth, listen to a monotonous, gabbling woman abusing the Tyrant Man through six hours of dreary triteness; the fifth, put his whole mind on raising Shanghai roosters and bantam hens; and the sixth, go down with his rake into the sewers and delve among the decayed dinners. Then let the whole six meet and compare crosses. It would not only prove their devotion to their creed, but it would settle a question which would afford great relief to thousands of sufferers.

At present I am inclined to think that the best way of moving would be to quietly huddle your traps together, take one farewell look at them, get out of doors, and then, without any needless haste or confusion, set fire to them; that is if you are well insured. You could move very easily that way, as you would have nothing to do but to get down to Webster's definition, that is, have vital action.

There is nothing more touching than the sight of *Paterfamilias* seated on the top of a load of his furniture set off against a background of table-legs, stove-tops, broom handles, and mattresses, holding some precious and fragile article of household furniture between his knees, turning his back upon the old house forever, and looking straight forward with an expression of face, which is equally compounded of blank stupidity and a restless suspicion about the integrity of the load behind him, admired by crowds of small boys on the sidewalk, winked at and leered at and squinted at and laughed at derisively by Brown and Jones, his old neighbors, who take a malicious pleasure in making fun of him, although they have been there too. *Paterfamilias* reaches the climax of the situation and the exact point where he takes very little interest in life, when the tail-rope gives way and lets a family secret into the street; that same secret, the conspicuousness of which Edmund Burke so happily deprecated and John Russell Young so happily used in the case of one Dana. You cannot make *Paterfamilias* look dignified or natural under these circumstances. George Washington, Louis Napoleon, Mrs. Cady Stanton, Spotted Tail, Von Humboldt, or Lord Macaulay, whatever they might be elsewhere, however much dignity, nonchalance, energy, unbrushed valor, science, or eloquence they might possess, in the position of *Paterfamilias* would lose it all and be laughed at by the small boys. No man has natural dignity enough to rise superior to the total depravity of inanimate things.

An Arab, mounted on his camel, with his tent behind him, "silently stealing away," as Mr. Longfellow so happily puts it, with nothing but the great blue blank of sky above him, the great yellow blank of desert around him, and the towering pyramids and Eternal Sphynx behind him is picturesque; but *Paterfamilias* looks only as if he were "silently stealing away" from a sheep-stealing raid.

There are one or two philosophical thoughts and one or two tendencies toward moralizing, which occur, however, in this chaos of moving. The most interesting things about moving is the astounding discoveries you make. Discoveries of old shoes and books, and hats, and India rubbers! How they come out from odd corners and dark retreats in perfect shoals! Can it be possible that you ever wore such a hat as that, myderamdarus? How you laugh at it now! Put it by the side of your present one, and it is an elephant to a mouse. How you wonder that you could ever be so ridiculous as to wear that shocking thing! And yet, when you move again, a few years from now, you will take out your present love of a hat from another odd corner, and go through with the same wonderment. All of which only tends to prove that you are ridiculous all the time. Will you never realize that fashion always is, and always was, the very harlequin of folly?

And still come the accumulations of the years. Will they never cease? The old hoop-skirts, in which you swept through the corridors; the old breeches, which were wonderful things, when first you thrust your manly legs through them, upon the occasion of Fitz-Boodle's reception, at which you danced in them, you know, with the lovely Celeste, now quite fat and frowsy, addicted to morning *negligé*, children, and bitter ale; the old oyster cans, musty and mouldy with the recollections of steaming stews and savory suppers; the old, cobwebbed, empty bottles, in whose vacant depths linger yet memories of ambrosial evenings, although no golden bubbles gleam, no rosy glamor entices you to break the solemn silence; the books, when you hold them to the light, eloquent still of lovely women whose healths you have drank, of congenial spirits long gone under the turf, whom you pledged in those old days when your shadow was longer than now and your pace was not so rapid down the hill; old letters and papers and documents which you put away religiously because they were of such great value, now browned and covered with dust and thrust by you into the pile of old bottles and cans for the rag man to carry away. How all these things turn up in all sorts of places, and how remorselessly you thrust them one side, although each one of them is a little monument of some pleasure or pain in your life. There is very little, after all, that time deems worth preserving, and nearly everything perishes with the use.

And yet our whole life is made up of these accumulations of things we suppose to be valuable, when all value consists in the instant enjoyment of things. There is no man, woman or child who does not indulge in this passion of accumulation, piling up this and throwing it away, to make room for that. Is there anything so lamentable that we would save if we could? Not even our years, with their load of pleasures and miseries. Who would not willingly give them up for an opportunity to live them over again, provided he could do so with more wisdom and foresight? Who indulges in retrospects? Who does not shut the tomb door of each year and seal it and roll a large stone at the door of the sepulchre, so large that no angels come to roll it away? For this year was full of your mistakes, and this one of your faults, and this one of your sorrows, and this one of your foolishness, and perhaps there was one poor little year in which you really accomplished something, and yet you are willing to let that go with the rest for what it will fetch. You willingly give up all your accumulations except your money; and therefore it has been wisely ordered that you must give that up so that old Croesus, when he dies and goes into his six feet of ground, has to leave it all behind and can't take even an obolus to pay old Charon for his ferriage over the Styx, and in that respect, ragged Tom, the pauper, who died in squalor, and sleeps among the henbane and pig weeds, is just as well off as he, and probably will get to Heaven sooner on the Resurrection morning, because he won't have the incubus of a massive, mendacious marble monument pressing him down. It wouldn't be at all surprising if some people who sleep under so much marble and granite got left behind on that morning by reason of failing to hear the trumpet. Certain it is that all the poor sufferers, and toilers, and nameless heroes of earth, who sleep in unknown graves, will be the first to hear the glad tidings.

And sometimes, in moving, you will come across some little thing which will open the old wound afresh. It may be a little shoe, a broken rattle, a bit of ribbon, or somewhere in some unfrequented corner of the garret, you find a little bed made up with a dusky doll asleep in it. You thought you put all her things away when she left you that night and she went off with the angels. How omnipresent she must have been! Her little feet went everywhere. There never yet was a house in which the reminders of the dead child could be all put away. You may live a century in it, and yet the two or three little years of that child will fill it full of reminders which you can never efface. And so that little bit of ribbon leads you from forgetfulness back to a living memory; from pleasure back to heart-breaking agony. The little one, with all her winsome ways, and doings, and sayings, is with you again, and you look for the flash of her eyes, and the gleam of her curls, and you listen for the patter of her little feet and the cheery ring of her voice; and in your new sorrow, which is only the echo of the old, for time has tempered it, you can look through the mists in your eyes and see, for the first time, how beautiful life is when it has had a great grief woven into its web.

Will the new ever compensate for the old? You have lived so long in the old house that you have become fitted into it and it has become part of yourself. The walls are full of associations, and every room has a memory of pleasure or pain. The new house is only the work of the carpenter and mason. The old is the work of a life, and has become humanized. It has grown to look like you. It partakes of your ways. There is no old corner in the new house for your slippers. The arm chair does not stand ready to embrace you. It tolerates your pleasure only, in a stiff, formal sort of way. That place in the wall which just fitted your head, as you took your after-dinner smoke, does not exist in the new house. The stairs are not worn away with the comings and goings. It will be a long time before you will get your dinner table so easy and homelike, because the chairs are not fitted into their places, and the sun doesn't come in right, and the dishes are not on speaking terms with each other. The atmosphere is entirely different. You knew every sound in the old house. In fact, it had grown to be a part of yourself and partook of your own idiosyncrasies, and this new house is a stranger with whom you have got to get acquainted.

But after all the philosophizing and moralizing I see no reason to change my opening advice—If you haven't moved, don't.

I see by a paper that Mr. Elkins, our young artist, has entered the ranks of the Benedick's and will, henceforward, paint for two, instead of one. The happy twain have gone to New York State, where Mr. Elkins will spend the summer making sketches on the Hudson and enjoying the honeymoon. Rumor has it that another of our young artists has gone to Indiana for a similar purpose. In fact, nearly all of our artists have caught the mania from Elkins, and we may look for lively times in the hymeneal market.

And speaking of art, reminds me that the foundations of the new Academy of Design building are now nearly completed, and that the stately edifice will soon be a beautiful reality. Eminent artists, both at home and abroad, have been solicited to contribute some of their works for the opening in the fall, and, if the public will only lend the artists a helping hand, I see no reason why we shall not have an art building of which we may be proud.

In the line of new music, the latest home productions are "The Heaton Waltz," written by George Stevens, of the Museum orchestra; "Freedom's Home," a Free Trade song by H. L. Story; two songs by Geo. W. Persley, "Little Robin, Tell Kitty I'm Coming," and "Softly Fall the Silvery Moonbeams," both published by Molter & Wurlitzer; and "Fairy's Cradle Song," by "Irma," published by Lyon & Healy. The latter is a delicious little cradle melody, and worthy to rank by the side of Gottschalk's "Berceuse" in tender feeling and sweetness.

The Lauri troupe of pantomimists have done a thriving business at the Dearborn Theatre, and commence their second week with an entirely new bill, which embraces the farce of "That Rascal Pat," in which Murphy personates the title role, with songs and a jig; evolutions on the tight rope by Mlle. Rosita; feats in juggling by Mons. Agoust; a dance by Mlle. Leary and John Lauri; a ladder dance by Mattie; the pantomime of "The French Dancing Master;" a bone-solo by Murphy; the whole concluding with the Lauri pantomime of "Tot." The management has also underlined for next week the appearance of Sidi D' Taima, who is a Persian Prince, has no bones, turns himself inside out, and does many other things which Princes don't usually do. As a celebrated agent engaged this celebrated Prince at a celebrated figure in a celebrated city of Egypt, I see no reason why he should not do a celebrated business at the celebrated Dearborn Theatre. But Persian Prince or no Persian Prince, the man who can't be satisfied with the programme for this week is unworthy of the privileges of an American citizen.

"The Green Huntsman" has not had a very successful chase at the Opera House, and has wound the mellow horn to little purpose. The popular taste is fickle. But a few seasons ago the great public ran helter-skelter wherever a leg was to be seen, but now there seems to be no virtue in heel or shinbone; no attraction in the kicking up behind and before. If there are any hopes of reformation this is a cheering sign of reaction, but it is only surfeit. The people are tired of the same old legs. A manager, to make a success with legs, should have a fresh supply every evening. Or there should be some startling sensation. If Mr. Deagle would announce that his whole ballet corps would stand on their heads, in a powerful glow of calcium, to slow music, or that his army of young women from the Archer road would walk in on their ears and throw a double somersault, he would undoubtedly fill his house to overflowing. But the plain leg, the leg in the abstract, the leg horizontal and leg perpendicular, the leg *tremolo*, and the leg *pizzicato*, are *anacreontic*, stale, flat, and as uninteresting as a last year's bird's nest. Recognizing the *blasé* condition of the leg, the managers have effected an engagement with two children, Lila and Zoe, who are to perform on the flying trapeze during the week, provided they don't break their little necks.

Chicago has got minstrelsy on the brain. Next to the Stock Yards and the Crib there never was anything here half so popular as the minstrels who bore the name of William Manning. And now come the minstrels of Dan Emerson, at McVicker's, and do a tremendous business; the theatre being crowded nightly by the people who dote on clog dances and the maidens in low-breasted dresses and astonishing back hair, who think that William Emerson's Love Among the Roses is the sweetest thing on earth, and wish that heaven had made them such a man. The bill for this week will be entirely new. After the Green Huntsman blows the last cadence on his horn we shall have still another minstrel season, for the Bryant Minstrels will then take the Opera House for a time. Meanwhile, when William Emerson shall have gone somewhere else to love among other roses, Mr. J. H. McVicker will come here and set up housekeeping (June 27) on his native heath, appearing for a short season in Charles Gayler's comedy, "Taking the Chances," with a company engaged expressly for the piece. Mac will then be "at home" prepared to "take the chances."

"Dora," which has had such a great success at the Museum, with Mr. LeMoyne and Miss Barry in the leading parts, will be continued each evening until further notice. It is rare, in this city, that an opportunity is offered to witness such really admirable acting as the two actors I have mentioned give their audiences. It is something very refreshing, in the midst of pantomime, negro minstrelsy, acrobatics and leg business. "The Sea of Ice" will be given on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons, with new scenery and costumes.

Among coming musical events is the Russian Concert Troupe, which will be in the city during the latter part of the month. The singers are all ... [illegible] ... The programme, including Haydn's Sinfonia Cormanne, and Mozart's Cat Duet, as well as the Russian music, the concerts will be something unique.

Mr. Creswold, the organist of Unity Church, gives another of his charming organ recitals, this afternoon, at the church, commencing at half-past 3 o'clock, at which, among other selections, he will play Mendelssohn's Fourth Sonata; the andante movement of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata; the March of the Israelites from Costa's oratorio of "Eli;" Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," and "Home, Sweet Home." Being the anniversary of the dedication of the church, unusual attention has been paid to the music for today's services. Mrs. Thomas, Miss Farrell, Mr. Whitney, and Frank Bowen, in addition to the chorus choir, will sing both morning and evening.

The programme at Turner Hall, this evening, is as follows:

[illegible]

And now let me tell you something of amusements abroad. Perhaps you will remember that Boston had a Jubilee last year, and that New York, in an insane fit of jealousy and envy, made a terrible pow-wow about it, ridiculed it, made all manner of fun of Gil more and his anvils, and vauntingly boasted that New York was the only place in which legitimate music could be performed. New York has now had its Jubilee, and a greater fizzle probably never was perpetrated. The orchestra was only one-fourth the size of that in Boston; the chorus only one-third as large; the classical music had to be taken off the programme, and the only success that was made was Parepa in her Boston selections and Gilmore with his Boston anvils. Now, hadn't New York better quit her barbaric yawp and leave music to those who understand it?.... Little Mrs. Oates has made a great success in burlesque in New York, and Mr. Oates is happy in having the management of the St. Paul Opera House this season. "Now, by St. Paul, the work goes bravely on."....The New Orleans *Times* records the elopement and marriage of Senor Juan Salcedo with Senorita Josefina Filomeno. Of course you will remember Filomeno, the little black-eyed violinist. She remained in Chicago just long enough to find out how it was done....Mr. Richard Saker, a comedian of no small promise, is reported as having died at sea on board the Hindostan, off Point de Galle, on his way home from Melbourne. He was nearly all his life at the Theatre Royal, Edinburg, first as call boy, then utility actor, then light comedian, and finally stage manager....Long Branch is the favorite resort of the profession. Mr. Lester Wallack, Mr. J. W. Wallack, Mr. Edwin Adams, Miss Maggie Mitchell (Mrs. Paddock), Mr. Chanfrau, Mrs. McVicker, Manager Fisk, Signor Brignoli, and Manager Floyd have cottages there. Mr. Edwin Booth, who has disposed of his New London property, will pass the season with his stepfather-in-law, Mr. McVicker. Manager Henderson will reside with Mr. Chanfrau.

The New York *Tribune* says: "The 'movement' is still onward. We hear of a club (the Rossini) of musical ladies in Portland, Me. Mrs. Dennett, the President thereof, wields the baton with the precision, grace, and vigor of a Bergmann or a Zerrahn. As we understand it, gentlemen are not excluded; indeed, if they were, what would the ladies do for basses, and baritones, and tenors? What would they do for trumpeters and trombones? Still, if we may be allowed to say so, the entire club is under petticoat government, and the crustiest double-bass performer must take his tempos from the accomplished Mrs. Dennett. As chorus, orchestra and all start off with a presto, and climb to the very top wave of a crescendo, we can imagine St. Cecilia looking from the skies with approval, or even miraculously calling to Mrs. Dennett to take the movement a little slower."....The Lingard Combination has dissolved, and Lingard and Alice Dunning have sailed for California....Hamburg gossip says that Lucca has been engaged for the Italian opera in London for the season of 1870-'71.

My budget of advices from foreign parts, this week, is as follows:

PARIS, May 25.—Fauré, who has gone to London to sing at Covent Garden, makes his *début* to the London public with "William Tell." He was splendidly assisted by Mme. Carvalho and Colin; ... [illegible] ... Gounod ... [illegible]

ROME, May 16.—The distribution of the prizes to the exhibitors of musical instruments took place to-day at the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, in presence of the Pope, Cardinals, ... [illegible] ... and to that of Debain for their harmoniums.

[illegible] ... PEREGRINE PICKLE.

Installation Hymn.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

(Written for, and sung at, the installation of Rev. Mrs. P. A. Hanaford as pastor of the Universalist Church at New Haven, Connecticut.)

The lavish hands that Error twines ... [illegible]

Before this altar crowned with peace,
This center of our spirit home,
Let every strife and question cease,
And fruitful faith and concord come.

For here thy last deliverance stands,
To loose the palsied spell of fear,
And Woman, with unfettered hands,
Keeps thine accepted priesthood here.

The Musical Festival at New York.

From the New York Tribune, June 17.

FOURTH DAY.

Yesterday afternoon the managers of the festival announced a special "Grand Beethoven Celebration;" and here is the programme:

1. Fifth Symphony (C minor) .... Beethoven
2. Aria from "Don Giovanni" .... Mozart
3. Hallelujah Chorus .... Handel
4. Finale, I' Attila .... Verdi
5. Overture, "Fidelio" .... Beethoven
6. "With Verdure Clad" .... Haydn
7. Anvil Chorus .... Verdi
8. Romanza from "Martha" .... Flotow
9. March from "The Prophet" .... Meyerbeer
10. Soldiers' Chorus from "Faust" .... Gounod

We have no objection to this music in itself, but to call it a Beethoven programme is preposterous. The symphony went better than it did the first night, though the opening movement was still rather scrambling; but part of the work was given with considerable finish which Mr. Bergmann knows so well how to obtain at the Philharmonic concerts. The overture to "Fidelio" (which, as the advertisements kindly inform us is "the greatest opera Beethoven ever wrote!"), was also but indifferently performed. The orchestra at no time we believe has numbered more than 200 pieces, exclusive of Gilmore's Band of 50. It has been reduced, day by day, until now it counts 100, but very few of our best players included, so that Mr. Bergmann is expected to produce works of the highest character, not only without rehearsals, but with second-rate material. It is not his fault if the result is unsatisfactory. He has not the Philharmonic orchestra by any means. Madame Bishop sang, instead of the aria from "The Creation," a "Gratias Agimus," by Guglielmo, and there were some other changes in the programme. The audience was the smallest of the week.

In the evening we had half of the long promised "Elijah" by the Handel and Haydn Society, and here, at least, was something worthy of a festival. The audience was large, enthusiastic, and of excellent quality, and, for the first time since the jubilee opened, was composed in a large measure of our own citizens. Nearly all the choral societies were in their places, but the work was done entirely by Mr. Zerrahn's famous five hundred. Madame Parepa-Rosa, Miss Sterling, Mr. Castle, and Mr. Whitney took the solos. As they came upon the stage the great jubilee soprano was greeted with loud cheers, and the chorus rose and saluted her with the waving of handkerchiefs. Zerrahn, too, had an enthusiastic greeting. Of the performance we have not a word to say but praise. Many who heard the comparatively feeble singing of 2,600 persons on Monday and Tuesday must have wondered at the superb volume of tone which came from these 500; but those who knew what the Handel and Haydn Society can do were quite prepared for the treat which awaited them. How firmly the singers attacked every note! How carefully they kept the time! How steady they were in the most "intricate and bewildering passages! How beautiful were the piano phrases, how delicate the shading and emphasis, and how grandly and massively the voices swelled in the crescendo! They covered themselves indeed with glory; they showed New York societies how an oratorio ought to be sung, and set us wondering whether, had a performance like this been given on the first day instead of the fourth the fate of the festival might not have been different. It was a great disappointment to many of us that instead of the whole oratorio which was promised, we had only half, especially as the omitted portion embraces some of Mendelssohn's finest music. Madame Boes and Miss Sterling lost their best solos, and Mr. Whitney lost one of the best of his. Still, we had the beautiful duet for soprano and alto, "Zion spreadeth her hands for aid;" the double quartette, "For He shall give His angels," and the angels' quartette, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord." Mr. Castle sang "If with all your hearts" exceedingly well, and Miss Sterling gave "Woe unto Him" with good taste and good voice, if not with quite enough life. Incomparably the best things, however, were the two dramatic dialogues between the soprano and the bass. Here Parepa is always unapproachable. Even she does few pieces better than the one in which occurs that fine phrase, "The Lord hath heard thy prayer; the soul of my son reviveth!" or the scene in which, after describing "the heavens as brass" above her, she beholds the "little cloud arising out of the sea." And Mr. Whitney, in the noble part of Elijah, was not unworthy of the noble company in which he was placed. He sang admirably all through. Without doubt he is the best oratorio basso in America.

We believe one or two persons in Boston said that we were envious last year because we had no jubilee. Well, we don't care about the jubilee, but there are two things for which we do envy Boston,—the Handel and Haydn Society and Carl Zerrahn.

The second part of the programme last evening was a miscellaneous selection, including nothing of note except "Let the Bright Seraphim," by Parepa and Mr. Arbuckle. It was of course encored.

After the performance, Mr. Gilmore and his band marched to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and paid Madame Parepa the graceful and spontaneous compliment of a serenade.

A Scene in the House.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser, June 15.

It has never been doubted that, as a general thing, our Congressmen are a jolly set of dogs. Yesterday, members, before repairing to the House, thoroughly fortified themselves against the arduous duty of discussing the Cuban resolutions, and even went there fully supplied with the liquid aliment. This fact is well established, not only by the number of empty soda-water-bottles which were afterward picked up in the Capitol grounds, but also by the style and language of the debate. Observe particularly the report of extraordinary sounds said to have proceeded from the mouth of Butler. The great man had declared that our government gave Cuba the same chance to Spain, whereupon Sam. Randall, in a fiery, and yet analytical frame of mind, shouted out from the Democratic side:

"Where? When? Name the time and place, won't you?"

Benny paid not the slightest attention to Randall's barbed interrogatories. Then Samuel ... [illegible] ... again shrieked:

"Which? Where? How? When? What?"

Benny looked as demoralized as a green militiaman in a shower of grape shot, and stretching his tree small mouth to its full capacity, uttered this response:

"Bah! Bah! Bah!"

Once more Randall demanded, with increasing earnestness:

"When? Where? How?"

And once more Benny made the mysterious answer:

"Bah! Bah! Bah!"

Thereupon a sharp voice in the gallery yelled out:

"Won't somebody choke that old sheep?"

At this cheerful proposal all the spectators roared with laughter, and the lobbies caught it up and roared too, and then the members roared, and the Speaker rapped his gavel until it broke, and the hammer bounded over the desk, striking the Clerk upon the head and there was what Joe Fagstock would call a devilish jolly time all round; but where, when, and how the government has given Cuba the same chance as Spain remains as much of a conundrum as ever.

—*The Journal of Applied Chemistry* says: We now hear of another fraud that is practised upon the community, in the extension of lard by means of water. By stirring melted lard with water it can be made to take up as much as 30 per cent. The wholesale dealers are aware of the fraud, and always demand a discount for water, but even then rarely allow pay for the water at the highest rates. In the manufacture of soap it is also found convenient to anticipate the laundress by adding the water to the bars, and we hear of soaps that contain as much as 30 to 70 per cent of water. It is probable that all articles that will bear the admixture are adulterated with water, so that we could properly include the liquid in our lists of adulterants, and if we exceed it at the rates frequently paid for it in the market we should find water to be one of the dearest chemicals in the market.

FANCIES AND FASHIONS.

A Much-Enduring and a Patient People.

Apropos of the Season.

What to Wear and How to Wear it.

The Grace of Old Age.

Written for The Chicago Tribune.

We hear a great deal about the enterprise and ability of Chicago people, their beauty, intelligence, and wickedness, but there is one of the cardinal virtues they possess in an extraordinary degree, without being particularly congratulated thereon. I refer to the excellent quality of patience, which has reached a climax of perfection here, never, I think, anticipated. Take these illustrations in proof.

A lady is about to purchase a paper of pins. Having duly considered the subject she enters a large and fashionable dry goods store in somewhat of a hurry, now that her mind is made up, and is met by a supple-jointed, rather nice-looking man, who bows and asks her what she may please to want. "Pins" being the requisite, he politely ushers her down the long store, begging her meanwhile just to notice their fine new stock of brown sheetings, not to be surpassed in the country. Courteously she obeys, but recklessly ventures to remark that she rather prefers the undressed linens. The counter is near, and she looks at different brands, and again starts in pursuit of pins. Another gentleman with a sorrel moustache, inveigles her at the next counter. "Has she seen the new cane parasol? The nobbiest thing out." And she stops in sheer despair, and learns that Mrs. R——, whom she hates, has just bought one at $60. Making a hasty retreat, she is at last before the counter; "Imperial solid heads," she demands of the very small clerk, who is staring into futurity. "Yes, m'm," and he takes down a box of brass hooks and eyes. "Pins, I said," remarks the lady persuasively. "Oh! excuse me ma'am," and he sets before her another box containing stick tape. "I should like pins," observes the lady, wiping her brow. "Well this isn't my department, here,"—to a clerk leaning abstractedly against the boxes, at a little distance,—"You wait on this lady." The new-comer hands down a box briskly, marked, "White pearl." "Pins!" gasps the shopper, in a tragic tone, and the next moment they are before her; she selects her size, and is happy. But Rome was not built in a day; the clerk has certain duties to fulfil. He tears off a small square of white paper on which he records—it may be the name, age, and place of residence of the purchaser, or it may be only his private opinion of her—then he raps mysteriously on the counter, and an imp in tow hair starts up from some unseen region, and taking the package, the paper, and the money tendered in payment, tears off at a fearful rate of speed, and is immediately out of sight. "My Lady waits," she waits—she w-a-i-t-s—until the clerk goes to his supper and returns. She hears the whistle of the train that has left her. Still she makes no sign—nor he, either—until in the distance a small form is seen slowly creeping toward them. Ha! 'tis he!—the pins! She reaches out an eager hand, but the clerk alone must receive them, which he does with that slow, conscious grace peculiar to clerks, and then the purchaser, gradually regaining the use of her limbs, escapes by the first door. Circumlocution adds dignity to transactions, in this as in many other cases.

Then there is a West side horse-car, in which a thousand people, more or less, stand up and are happy. They start,—at least, that is the impression,—but they proceed to get to their destination by going backward for three-quarters of a mile, so that they reach the bridge just as the bell rings. Then they laugh and philosophize. The people expecting to leave on a train due in twenty minutes smile with white lips; the politician, who despises corporations, looks savage, but says nothing; the aspiring young lawyer, whose client is waiting for him, starts forward as if about to clear the gap at a bound, and then settles back into stolidity; the clerk, whose wages will be "docked" if he is half a minute late,—they are all used to the situation, and they accept it meekly. Some one, at last, observes that the car is in motion. Nobody had noticed it; but a faint tremor indicates the fact, and the inmates exchange congratulations. At this moment a sudden shock is felt. "We are off the track," some one says, in a calm, even tone, as if any emotion were preferable to stagnation. The gentlemen all turn out and lift it back; the ladies examine each other's chignons with perfect indifference as to whether they ever get there or not. "All aboard!" says the conductor, in a gloomy tone, and the procession starts again, at the same monotonous pace. The car runs into the heels of the horses, who brace themselves against it; the conductor rings the bell furiously, as if the vehicle in front, that is already nearly out of sight, was in danger of being run over; and, when a crossing is finally reached, and some lady attempts to get out, he says, with a calmness that is exquisitely kind, "Wait until the car stops." Patience is so much the rule for the quality that endures, and enjoys, that slow prog along the highways. Paying for a seat that you never get, except at the expense of somebody else crowded out of yours of your life by this daily peculation of stones hanging on by the eyelids, clusters and clusters of people like a swarm of bees; and, when you do move, going at a gait that would do honor to your grandmother's funeral. And, amidst all this, we smile, and possess our souls in patience!

Bah, Bah, I have looked on the wrong side of creation long enough. The idea of grumbling at anything with such heavenly weather as we have had this week, when the temperature is so deliciously sentiment with life, that life, that mutton-chops are a necessity, and tender beefsteaks, oh, so good! Poets may talk as they please about etherial nature. There never was a man or woman yet who enjoyed perfect health, such a clear conscience, that did not live by eating. It is only your ... [illegible] ... people, with a liver, or a spleen, or a something wrong everywhere, that indignantly, nectar, and ... [illegible] ... who eat all the time, instead of making a round meal and done with it. It is your pastry-fed people who are violent, and nervous, and irritable, and exacting.

I am only going to prepare a little about fashion, this week, the only kind of gossip I believe in. The summer days are upon us, and rich, warm stuffs are laid aside for those beautiful, airy fabrics, thin, and sheer, which float about one in folds of simple loveliness as long as they retain their pristine freshness. The complete suits of appropriate linen come into requisition now, and one would imagine, in walking through establishments where they make a specialty of them, that ingenuity had exhausted all its devices. One suit will be ruffled with tiny bands of blue white lines stitched on the hem of the ruffle, and half an inch from the top, in the line of the gathers; the overskirt to match, with short sacque jacket, cut up in the back, and broad round sash ends added to. Another had three ruffles of white Paris muslin laid on in Kilt plaiting, that is, all turned one way, a narrow ruffle formed at the top by a bias band of the muslin stitched on half an inch from the edge, the lower edge of the plaiting caught together by a continuous thread. Over-skirt and sailor jacket to match. This is a very elegant style, but of course is difficult to launder, and looks best when new. A jacket with short sailor or English-cut back, with long basquine points, had the back overskirt, made into a band and basted on the side joined to the front of the jacket by a seam, thus making two articles into one. This suit is made with kilt plaitings are a relief to the eye, from their plainness. If ladies who regret having the plain short linen or pique suits of last year, destitute of over-skirt or bunched-up panier, could know how nice and lady-like those same suits look, they would take pleasure in wearing them. The eye is wearied with the lavish and often senseless display of useless furbelows which make a woman look like a rag doll, and too often the heart aches for a life wasted in the vain effort to stem the tide of fashion. I am aware that many very fashionably dressed ladies pay but little attention to dress. Their clothes are made and paid for. They put them on and forget them, until the necessity of another outfit attracts their notice. A woman who can only talk of her husband, her clothes, or her servants, when in company, is not a profitable companion, since strangers are not particularly interested in such attributes, and friends can decide their merits for themselves. Some ladies have the art of being always well dressed, no matter what they wear. Their collars, their gloves, their boots, their hair, are all in perfect order, and they never talk about their clothes. It is the essence of vulgarity to remark upon a toilet, "Oh! you've got a new dress." "Where did you get that lovely shawl?" "Why, how many hats have you got?" Ladies do not talk in that way, since it is a familiarity of speech only allowable between relations.

Talking of hats, the waterproof is a year in its way. Only 75 cents! a single hat; white and pure as drifting snow, and made only in the most bewitching shapes. I think one might look a great while before finding anything preferable. It is made of a clear white muslin, which is put through some unknown process, and the result does not look French chip. For a picnic or pleasuring hat it is just the thing. It can be trimmed with a circle of black lace and three rows of narrow blue velvet, with a large cluster of field flowers at the side, or with narrow bands of corn-colored silk, edged with tiny black lace, and yellow lilies on the top of the crown. I saw them at Gage Bros., Lake street, after climbing two pairs of stairs, and was well repaid for my trouble. The hat with moderately high, sharp crown, and rather large brim, is the elegant hat for the season; but, as no two ladies wear the same shape or style, it would be absurd to say which is *la mode*. The Grenadier, the Brigand, the Templeton, and the Arab are all similar, the difference being in the high crown and the curve of the brim. The turban will always be worn, judging from its past and present popularity. Many ladies must wear a veil, and with a large hat this is impossible.

The coarse, grotesque cotton rubbish, called ruffs, have disappeared from the necks of all ladies who consult taste in dress, and neat linen collars or sets of lace replace them. In looking over the collar department at Field, Leiter & Co.'s, this week, I found the goods nicely graded. The first were the richest and finest material manufactured, in lace, point de Venice, Point D'Alençon, Honiton, Brussels, and other kinds. The flat points in a new figure worked in, somewhat resembling applique. It is very desirable. A point lace barbe for the throat costs about $60. A sash of barbs thread lace is worth $45. Next to the barbs and point laces come the applique, which is worth, in a handsome design, about four inches wide, $12. The collars of point and applique are handsome also round or slightly square. The Valenciennes collars are distinguished by fashionable lights, they being unbecoming to a majority of women. Blonde cocoons are worn with a large plaited ruche of the blonde carried around the neck, and down to the point edges open in front. These the two ends are closed together, and fastened in the belt. The effect, in the evening, is that of a roll of attractiveness. Embroidered linen collars are followed by plain linen, and sets in yellow and buff, which last is charming with a black toilet. "Real lace, or none," should be the motto of every lady. A pure white linen set can be worn becomingly with the most elegant toilet, and is suitable for all occasions, while imitation fabrics in Valenciennes patterns show their utter worthlessness to the most careless observer.

There are some new specialties in jewelry at Nowlin & McElwain's, on Lake street, which I commend to ladies who admire simple elegance. They consist of ornamental work in Roman gold and jet, a conjunction rarely, if ever, seen. They are particularly beautiful by contrast with the highly ornate jet which has wearied the eye so long, and can be worn with any colored toilet, or with deep mourning, being chaste and appropriate for either.

A secret order has sprung up among the ladies of Chicago, which is made known to observers by a cross of tiny dimensions, about an inch long. It is worn in various places—at the heart—in the belt—on one shoulder, and elsewhere. If the wearer does not have short hair, or spectacles, she has a long mournful face, a wide mouth, and mission, besides a hungry wallet, and a roll of manuscript. Only the initiated are in the secret, if there is one.

Ladies who are in possession of old-fashioned deep silk fringe, will, perhaps, like to hear how it can be used to advantage. Make an over-skirt, with a rounded apron front, and square side breadths, with one back section, rounded up to the belt. Trim this with the fringe. The body of the dress may be garnitured with any other kind of trimming.

The hair is worn in the same style that it has been, the chatelaine braid and the three puffs mixed with curls. It is quite amusing to see a lady who has never worn one, purchase a chignon; she goes to Campbell's and asks to be shown a small-sized waterfall, which is, of course, twice as large as the natural one she is accustomed to. After she tries it on, she is horrified with it. What would her friends think if she should wear such a monstrous affair? She is only reconciled to it by the fact that it is very becoming to her, an effect she is not slow to perceive. She goes away quite contented, but in a few days returns. She thinks if it was a little wider at the sides it would be an improvement. A week or two passes, and the same chignon is sent in to be dressed, with an order for the rolls to be made longer, and in less than a month the lady purchases a new switch, and has it made over rolls that measure three-quarters of a yard from the top of the head to the neck, with a corresponding width. "A little learning is a dangerous thing. Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring."

The whole natural hair is often let down on the back, and crimped, the chignon being placed above it. In light hair, and on young ladies, the effect is good. Children have their hair frizzed and tied in various places with blue ribbon.

It is a pity that women will not learn how to grow old gracefully. They take such pains to hide the ravages of time that they attract notice by the forces they send out to reconnoitre. Look at the glass, dear madam, and tell me what you see. A face of 30, or 45, that you are trying to make 18. You can never do it; the wrinkles and care-lines may not be there, but that inexpressible look, that tender dawning flush of May, is gone forever. You have lived, and loved, and suffered, for you are a woman, and experience has written your history in your face. You cannot dimple your cheek with the delicious careless abandon of youth. You cannot make wells of truth and trust in your eyes for you have looked into life, and the reflection is there. Pearl powder and rouge Bah! If you could meet yourself coming round the corner you would run away. There is a vast difference between a *couleur de rose* and a *couleur de rouge*—between the whiteness of youth and innocence, and the lily white rubbed in with a flannel rag. And you deceive nobody, not even yourself! A first love and a first baby are joys we cannot repeat, but we can all make lovely, lovable grandmothers, and I, for one, have an ardent desire that wavy gray hair and spectacles are inseparable, in my mind, with dignity and repose.

VIC.

THE CHINESE.

Seventy-five Celestial Shoemakers Imported from California to Massachusetts—Intense Excitement Among the Knights of St. Crispin.

North Adams, Mass. (June 14) Correspondence of the Boston Herald.

This enterprising town has been in a state of unusual excitement for the last few weeks, and this culminated last evening upon the arrival, over the Troy & Boston Railroad, of seventy-five Chinamen from San Francisco, who this morning commenced work in the shoe manufactory of Mr. C. T. Sampson. The history of the causes which have led to this innovation, and which seriously threatens to revolutionize the question of labor in New England, cover a period of about two years, and the event is exciting comment from all classes of communities, not only here, but in every manufacturing town in the New England States. In the month of May, 1868, Mr. Sampson first made aware of the existence of the order of the Knights of St. Crispin, and from that time till January of the present year, has, from time to time, had some slight misunderstandings with his employés. Matters remained mutually unsatisfactory until May, when Mr. Sampson called his men together, and, informing them that there were no orders, and that business was growing dull, asked them if they would be willing to work for a reduction of 10 per cent. Their prices would be given. Two days after, the Crispins notified Mr. Sampson that they would not go to work for him. At 4 o'clock on the same day Mr. Chase departed for California. In one month from that very hour he landed at the depot with seventy-five Chinamen, who are engaged for three years.

Upon their arrival at the depot here a scene ensued to which the people of this town are strangers. Fully 2,000 people, men, women, and children, assembled to catch a view of the Celestial strangers, and, although some indignities were offered, ... [illegible] ... the mass of the citizens. A few such as are always in spirit for the recurrence of a holiday in the absence of other excitement, indulged in hoots and cheers as the dusky procession, in couples, headed by Messrs. Sampson and Chase, and flanked by a posse of a dozen policemen, marched toward the manufactory. When nearly there, one man threw a stone and another struck one of the new citizens, but they were quickly arrested and locked up.

These men are hired for a term of three years, at $23 per month the first year and $26 after, with lodging-rooms, which have been fitted up in a portion of the building furnished them, together with some other privileges. They, in their turn, agree to certain stipulations, and will protect Mr. Sampson. Ah Sing, or Charlie, as he is familiarly called, comes with them. He is passably well educated, and is a regular member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He will keep all the accounts, receiving the wages, purchasing their food, and giving them spending money, and sending each month the residue of their money to the Kwong Chong Wing Company, of San Francisco, which will keep it on deposit for them. The men are very neat in appearance, which is a subject of general surprise.

The New Home of the Chinamen—They are Going to the Sabbath School—Their Physique.

North Adams (June 15) Correspondence of the Boston Herald.

The newly-arrived Celestials are fast becoming domesticated in their strange home. They have not yet fairly commenced the work of shoemaking, but are at present engaged in "fixing up" their quarters according to their ideas of convenience and comfort. They occupy for domestic purposes four rooms, fitted up at the rear end of Mr. Sampson's substantial brick buildings. These are the washing room, also used for bathing, the kitchen, dining room, and sleeping room. The sleeping accommodations for the whole seventy-five are in one room. In the centre, facing outward toward each wall, are rows of berths, one above another, to the height of five. Each has a good mattress, blankets, and other necessary articles, and their occupants have added curtains, shelves, &c., all the work of their own hands, and done very neatly, although they are comparatively unskilled in the use of tools. Their capacity for learning and love of knowledge evince themselves in every movement. They are picking up words of English every hour, and, once the pronunciation and meaning of a word is distinctly understood, it is fixed in the mind forever. They are pleasant, affable, observing, greeting every one with a pleasant smile, speaking to all they have seen once before, and watching every strange or new movement in their presence. The uses of machinery are learned with wonderful rapidity. Each implement is inspected carefully, and the method of its use is asked and scanned with an eagerness seldom seen among other races. That Mr. Sampson's experiment with these, will prove a personal success in every manner there is scarcely a doubt. Of the expediency of their employment, as regards their benefit to the community, there is yet a question. Thus far in their employment in America, they have taken no interest in her social or political affairs, and show little inclination to a permanent settlement. Each one comes with the purpose of returning with a competence to the shores of his native land, there to die, and if, perchance, they do not return alive, their bodies must finally be carried within the walls of the Missionary of Confucius, and there deposited. Missionary effort has, however, done much to bring them to conform to habits of civilization, and may, together with the attrition of superior humanity which may result in enlightenment, lead them to embrace the principles of Christianity. There is even now an approach to this on the shores of the Pacific. Two of the young who have arrived in late years worship in the Joss houses. This is effected indirectly by the fact that the merchants and best portion of their race have renounced this custom, and at the same time come through contact by them, and see their improved condition, they unconsciously drop out of the habits of their idolatry. This is noticeable with the colony just planted here in Berkshire County. No emblems of heathen worship are brought hither, and each one is looking forward with eager expectancy to the teachings of the Sabbath school. There is scarcely one of the Chinese of California who owns a foot of land. They seem to take little pride in agricultural pursuits. This may, however, be the result of the little opportunity they have.

The men here are all of small stature and slight build. Some of them will yet increase, however, as their ages range from 16 to 22 years. They are all very hardy looking, and seem poorly fitted for any heavy work. They will make good shoemakers, and will also fit to satisfaction any position in other manufacturing institutions and in the household.

The movement of Mr. Sampson is exciting considerable interest among the manufacturers of the Eastern States. Last night a gentleman arrived here from Jersey City to investigate the new project, while others have come from Troy, N. Y., and towns nearer this village. Mr. Sampson is daily in receipt of letters of inquiry, some of which we have seen, and all of which look favorably to the scheme.

Pen-Portrait of the Pioneer in this New Enterprise.

NORTH ADAMS, MASS., June 15.—In my despatch sent yesterday morning an outline of the events causing and terminating in the employment of the first gang of Chinese in New England was recounted. Personal interviews, rumors, speculations, and opinions have since brought out many facts of vital interest to the workingmen, the manufacturers, the tradesmen, the philanthropist, and to the political economist. Mr. Sampson is one of those men of whom America furnishes so many examples—one who, from small beginnings, has amassed considerable fortune. Steady industry, prudence, keen foresight, and an aptitude for business, have given him a position in the front rank of his neighbors, and he feels, as well as do others, his strength and importance in the community. A glimpse at his physiognomy convinces the stranger at once that he is not one who takes pleasure in, or can well brook, the interruptions or interference of others. He is a strict Baptist, almost by nature; his opinions are to him fixed law, his workshops all bear the stamp of thorough system, being perfectly arranged, furnished with the most approved machinery, and a model in every way for manufacturers. He is, and will be, master of his own business so long as his business remains.

Astonishing Progress of the New Apprentices.

NORTH ADAMS, Mass., June 16.

Two gangs of Chinamen have been at work to-day, under instructors, learning to bottom shoes. They have made remarkable progress, and turned out some work which no Crispin need be ashamed of. In fact, one shoe, which the smartest Chinese workman completed by himself, is declared to be as good as any which could be picked out of a hundred cases of American manufacture. These first learners will teach their comrades, and in a very few weeks the full force of the establishment will be at work turning out shoes which need not fear comparison with those of any other manufactory. The Crispins held a meeting last night, and, under the advice of the Head Centre of the order in Boston, resolved to hold out in their strike against the other manufacturers, and use every measure to embarrass Mr. Sampson in his undertaking, such as tempting the white men to leave him, and continuing the frightening process, &c. The shoe business, of course, is at a stand-still here, the factories have telegraphed to countermand all orders for stock, and the town is losing thousands of dollars every week by the strike.

The Crispins have Themselves to Blame.

From the Boston Journal.

While we regret that this trial of Asiatic labor in Massachusetts should have been owing to collisions between our own citizens, and is likely to be attended with embittered feelings, yet it is plain enough that the Crispins had only themselves to blame for the precipitation of this experiment. In a land of freedom they would not have labor free. They have assumed to dictate to employers whom they should employ and what they should pay, creating a sort of terrorism among working-men which few were able to resist. It is not to be supposed that energetic business men will submit to such injustice and ruinous intermeddling any longer than is necessary to find a remedy. Whether they have found it in this case remains to be seen. It is perfectly certain, however, that if the Chinese workmen succeed well in North Adams they will be followed by others, till at least the Crispins shall have learned to confine their efforts within legitimate bounds. They must now see the question which they alone have been the means of introducing fairly tried, for any further violence or improper coercion on their part will only tend still further to their own discredit and to the advantage of the Chinese. The latter, so long as they stand on Massachusetts soil, will have the protection of the laws, and it is for the Crispins to say whether they shall also have the sympathies of the people.

Protest Against Chinese Labor—Mass Meeting of Workingmen in Troy.

From the Troy Whig, June 15.

An out-door meeting of mechanics, composed mostly of cordwainers, was held in front of the Court House, last evening, to protest against the introduction of Chinese labor in the New England States. About 8:30 o'clock the meeting was called to order by Mr. J. Gilmore, who nominated T. C. Wiley, of Albany, as Chairman. M. H. Myers, of Troy, was appointed Secretary.

Mr. Wiley commenced by saying that the meeting was called for the purpose of expressing an indignant protest against the shoe manufacturers and other capitalists who are putting forth exertions to injure the laboring classes of this country. It is unusual for me to say anything on this subject; it is my first attempt on the public platform. There are other speakers present, and I now have the pleasure of introducing Dugald Campbell, of Troy.

Mr. Campbell remarked that the gentleman says he is not adapted to public speaking; neither am I. The last time I had the pleasure of addressing an audience it was on this spot. I did not anticipate for a moment that I would be called out; but I will endeavor to aid the workingmen in this great movement. Massachusetts has claimed the honor of first rooting slavery from her soil; but I am sorry to say that she has allowed the servile race, the Chinese, to degrade the workingmen of America. Let the Chinese work as they please, and before long we will be overpowered by them. China can send over men enough to flood the New England States, and this invasion on the shoemakers of Massachusetts is but the entering wedge. They have started the ball and will keep it rolling over the continent. And if we do not take active measures to impede their progress in attempting to degrade the workingmen of that State, they will overpower us. It is said, Mr. President, if we leave the Chinese alone that they will certainly clear out themselves; but this is a falsehood. If we permit these Chinamen to be used by monopolists as they see fit, to degrade the workingmen of America, there will be anarchy and disorder in the land just as sure as there is a God in Heaven. I am no enthusiast, carried away by visionary things; but if we remain inactive, and allow the Chinamen to infringe upon us, we will have to go hand in hand with the Indians and seek another home. [Applause.]

A LADY SPEAKS.

At this point the Chairman introduced Mrs. Emma Lane, of Boston, who spoke as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN: I hope there is no man here ... [illegible] ... [Applause.]

... Mrs. Lane spoke at considerable length, and was frequently applauded.

The following resolutions were read:

WHEREAS, We have witnessed with our own eyes the introduction of Chinamen into the manufactures of the East, for the purpose of degrading the American workingman and laborer, and reducing them to the condition of serfdom; therefore be it

Resolved, That we are unalterably opposed to all attempts on the part of capitalists to cheapen and degrade American labor by the introduction of the lowest class of laborers from China or elsewhere; while we, at the same time, heartily welcome all voluntary emigration from every clime, and pledge them our sympathy and encouragement in efforts to elevate themselves and their children homes on American soil.

Resolved, That we call upon the workingmen throughout the country, to hold mass meetings, and use all other honorable means to urge upon the Senators and Representatives in Congress the necessity of immediately passing the bill now pending in the Senate, entitled "A bill to make the importation of emigrants, under labor contracts, unlawful;" and be it further

Resolved, That we pledge ourselves in the future not to vote for or support, for any office, any party or parties who are directly or indirectly interested in the importation of this servile race; and that we will use our utmost efforts to defeat those now in office, should they offer for re-election, if they refuse or neglect to work and vote for the bill now pending in the Senate of the United States.

Origin of Pickwick.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune:

Every incident in the literary career of the great author who has just passed away from the world he so much adorned is a matter of public interest. The story of his leading triumph in the republic of letters, has never yet been fully recorded,—for Mr. Dickens only partially tells it in his preface to the later editions of "Pickwick,"—and the writer, who is acquainted with all the facts, believes that he is betraying no confidence in now giving them to the world.

Early in the year 1836 Messrs. Chapman & Hall, who a few years previously were both engaged in the once famous publishing house of Baldwin & Cradock, were established as booksellers and publishers in the Strand, London; and among their literary ventures then in preparation was a magazine to be illustrated and sold for one shilling, and to be called *The Library of Fiction*. It was to be filled with short stories and sketches by the popular authors of the day, and was under the editorial charge of Mr. Charles Whitehead, a *litterateur* of the period. In making a selection of authors who were to be requested to contribute to the work, Mr. Chapman called Mr. Whitehead's attention to the "Sketches" then being published under the signature of "Boz" in the *Monthly Magazine* (which the *Tribune*, in its interesting obituary of Mr. Dickens, inaccurately states was published by Chapman & Hall), and in the *Morning Chronicle*, and desired that he should be applied to for contributions. "His name is Dickens, and I know where to find him," was the editor's reply. Mr. Dickens was applied to, and he contributed to the new serial "The Tuggs at Ramsgate," with which the initial number opened, and which was eventually contained in the collected edition of "Sketches by Boz," published by the same house. Such was Mr. Dickens' first engagement to write for the publishers with whom he was afterward so closely connected.

Shortly before this time Mr. Seymour, whose humorous etchings of cockney life and character were then very popular, had partly arranged with Messrs. Chapman & Hall for the publication of a new series of etchings of a like nature, to be accompanied by illustrative letter-press, and issued in monthly numbers at one shilling; and in view of the publication an author of the day, whose name is known to the writer, was written to and requested to undertake the literary department of the work, but he never replied to the application. When *The Library of Fiction* was under way, Seymour called upon the publishers, and urged that his proposed work should be proceeded with at once; or, if not, he should be compelled to engage upon other labors he had offered to him. But which he did not so much fancy. Mr. Chapman told Seymour that as he had no reply from the author referred to, he would at once call upon Dickens, and ascertain if he would be willing to write the descriptive letter-press. He fulfilled his mission, and was gratified to find that the young author entered enthusiastically into the scheme, suggesting a modification of the plan, and promised to let him have the copy for a prospectus of the work on the following day, which promise he fulfilled. This is the visit alluded to by Mr. Dickens in his preface, which you have quoted.

Many works had just then been issued with either the name of the author appearing on the title-page, under the guise of editor, or, when they were from the pens of unknown writers, under the editorial sponsorship of well-known authors; and it was decided that the new book should follow in the wake, and it consequently appeared as "edited by Boz." The title was written out by Mr. Chapman, and was scarcely altered, except in the leading word, that of "Nimrod" having, as Mr. Dickens wrote, "been proposed. A better name was soon found. Mr. Dickens rushed into the publisher's office, one day, exclaiming with childish delight, "I've got it, Moses Pickwick, Bath, coachmaker." He had just seen painted on the door of a stage coach that was running from the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, "Moses Pickwick & Co., Bath." The worthy firm being the proprietors of a line of stages running from the great metropolis to the well-known seat of fashion in the west of England. Fifteen years later, the present writer noticed the same inscription painted on coaches in the ancient city of Bath, to the very neighborhood of which Mr. Pickwick's adventures had been confined by the encroachments of the steam-horse.

And so with the first name, Moses, was afterward originated the name of the character whose fame is co-extensive with the English language.

Dickens often asked Douglas Jerrold to contribute to *Household Words*, but Jerrold invariably declined, in consequence of the appearance therein of the names of the writers of the various articles. "Ah!" said Dickens on one occasion, "but we are all anonymous." "Yes," replied Jerrold, taking up a number of the magazine and reading from the head of the page, "Conducted by Charles Dickens," and turning over a leaf or two and reading again "Conducted by Charles Dickens," and so on, turning over more leaves, and each time repeating the phrase, "I see, very anonymous."

It is well known that after Mr. Dickens had published several works in conjunction with Messrs. Chapman and Hall, he was induced by pecuniary offers to enter into arrangements with Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, who published and printed nearly all his books until he was about to open a ... [illegible] ... In later years the disagreement happened between the author and his new publishers, and Dickens returned to the house with which he had been connected in his early years, and ever after remained with them, with every evidence of their mutual esteem and confidence.

NEW YORK, June 13, 1870.

THE AMERICAN BONAPARTE.

Betsy Patterson's Conquest of Prince Jerome.

Jerome Bonaparte (Patterson) died in Baltimore on Saturday morning, aged 65. The romance of his parentage is thus narrated by the New York *World*:

Among the residents of Washington are some charming old ladies who could tell many an after-dinner tale with the "social gossip" of other days. One of them was a schoolmate of Madame Bonaparte, and has not forgotten "Betsy Patterson's" conquest, and the style in which it was accomplished. Of the brilliant beauty and remarkable mental powers of this woman, whose life contained so much of tragic romance about it, she always says too much cannot be affirmed, nor is she justly entitled to all the attention she received, and even now that her beauty is gone, her intellect is perfect, and her wit and readiness in conversation has lost little of the fire of her youth. "Why," she exclaimed, in an earnest address to a friend a few years ago, "so this that a lady of my ambition being so cruelly ... she showed a beautiful ... as she was, to come ... innocent and surely ... its loveliness, and said, "Do you, pleased and happy, I look? Think I was ... all the time I was sitting ... was telling me how much he admired ... how handsome I was." She was ... ought to allow the picture to be ... she indignantly refused to do so ... her grandson, and no one else ... it. The captivating of Jerome ... done of malice prepense. She had heard of his arrival in Baltimore, ... who tells the story ... at her father's country seat, ... miles from that city, on ... conversation turned upon the ... Frenchman. Said the ... come to see me soon, Betsy, ... parte." "I shall come," ... lady," prepared for conquest ... France as his wife, and ... all Europe." A few days after ... went to Baltimore. "I heard ... street," says the friend, "and ... of the window I saw Betsy coming ... on to glory. The next day ... and Betsy attended ... wig. It was the fashion ... dies to wear wigs of every ... A belle might appear in the ... at noon with white, and ... brown, her own perhaps ... the case with Miss Patterson ... beautiful shade of black, ... or yet the blue-black. Wearing her ... and seated in the carriage with ... she was introduced by ... to Jerome Bonaparte, who ... struck with admiration ... can beauty, as she was called, ... belle, who afterward ... state, General Bubell, ... man beauty." The same day ... the hero of Mudfort, ... Frenchmen, at which Miss Patterson ... wearing her own hair, and ... conquest on the spot. Jerome ... was so much more beautiful when ... her natural tresses than she could ... in any wig that she never again ... those monstrosities.

In the course of a few days ... paris gave a grand ball, and Miss ... was his partner. In the ... her head a gold chain, to which ... a miniature likeness of himself, ... sounds, and the lady bore it ... Thus the engagement was made, ... terson's father, however, ... sent her away to what is termed ... Virginia. Jerome's love ... that secluded spot, and ... having letters carried to her ... Patterson discovered this, ... their violent opposition ... daughter home, and then ... riage took place. When the ... were ready to go to Europe ... who was a merchant and ... out one of his own vessels ... daughter in regal style to ... she hoped to conquer ... But she reached it only to ... closed against her by ... ror's order. A message ... his brother should come ... consult with His Majesty ... the ship, and hoping all ... groom departed, making ... sovereign's consent to his ... sonal interview. He never ... The Emperor forbade the ... she, after awaiting him in ... London by her brother. ... to Florence, in a picture ... ized each other instantly, ... who had accompanied the ... young Bonaparte left the city.

ILLINOIS.

A Seducer in Trouble—His Sex ... Take a Boisterous Method of ... tanting their Desire for His ... val—A Shooting Affair.

DEKALB, June 18.—A man named ... a wife and four children, ... about a year ago for the ... of a neighbor's daughter, ... is still under advisement ... received a charivari last Monday ... unknown party of men ... The object of these ... have been repeated several times ... her from the neighborhood. ... upon the party, whereupon ... completely riddling the house ... thing like a dozen of his ... riot. Their examination takes ... and causes intense excitement ... the county where the occurrence ...

DEKALB, June 18.—The examination ... parties arrested for riot, in the ... ing on before Esquire Gilbert Messer ... Hon. J. V. Randall, of DeKalb, ... fence, and Mark White, of DeKalb ... Kellum, of Sycamore, for the ... new developments. The names ... are William Misner, David ... daughter Adeline. The ... Jordan, Daniel Rowe and ... others.

Heavy Revenue Suits Commenced—Nomination for Senator in the ... District—A Musical Jubilee ... videre.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., June 18.—Major ... son, the District Attorney for the ... District of Illinois, has, from ... suits against a ring of ... es at Pekin, Ill., for ... revenue laws of the United States. ... ants have been docketed, ... ed to $16,000. ... Joseph J. Cook, of Shawneetown, ... nominated for Senator in the First ... trict under the new constitution. ... lawyer, and will make a good Senator. A musical jubilee, to last three days, ... Belvidere on the 29th inst., and will ... ed in by 100 singers.

Ottawa & Fox River Valley Railroad—Crop Prospects—The ... Dramatic Troupe.

OTTAWA, Ill., June 18.—The Ottawa & Fox Valley Railroad have at last finished ... tween Streator and this city, and ... ing the bridge across the Illinois ... afternoon. Work is being pushed ... crously toward the northern terminus. The crops in this section are ... ruined, and the farmers have ... cereal grain and hay. They say ... very little good. Corn is safe yet, ... rain soon it will fail. The June race ... a grand success ... Leslie Dramatic ... from Chicago, closed here ... night, resting until September.

Killed by the Accidental Discharge of a Pistol.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., June 18.—E. F. ... pattern model maker, was instantly killed ... terday, by the discharge of a pistol ... pointing at the time.

The Louisville Bank Robbery.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 18.—A reward of ... thousand dollars is offered, by the ... Bank, for the arrest of the perpetrators of ... day's robbery.

WHITE GOODS.

FIELD,

LEITER & CO.

Have made a general re[duc]tion in prices in many of t[heir] leading stocks, and speci[ally] in their FOREIGN WH[ITE] GOODS DEPARTMENT, [and] will offer on MONDAY, ... 20,500 Pieces White [Goods] in all the Newest Patter[ns] a sacrifice of fully 25 [per] cent from former prices [to] close the season. This ... afford an unusual opport[unity] to secure this most season[able] and popular article at ME[RE]LY NOMINAL PRICES.

STATE AND WASHINGTON-[STS.]

THE NATIONAL GAME.

Programme of the White Stockings' Eastern Tour.

Games in Chicago and Elsewhere Played Yesterday.

THE WHITE STOCKINGS

leave Chicago this evening on their Eastern tour, and, before they return, will have played twenty-three games. The programme of the trip is as follows:

[illegible]

Telegraph despatches will be received after every inning of the game between the White Stockings and the Forest City, of Cleveland, on Monday, at Wolford's sample room, No. 123 South Clark street. Despatches will also be received there from all points when matches are played.

GARDEN CITY VS. AMATEUR.

The second of a series of games between the Garden City and Amateurs, was played yesterday afternoon, at Ogden Park. The game was neither creditable to the players nor interesting to the spectators. Below is the score:

[illegible]

GREEN STOCKINGS VS. NATIONALS.

These two clubs, juniors, played a match game yesterday afternoon, on the grounds of the latter club, which resulted in the same as that played by the seniors of the same organization, i.e., by the overwhelming defeat of the Nationals. The Green Stockings ... Appended is the score:

[illegible]

ALPHA VS. EXCELSIORS.

A match game was played yesterday, between the Alphas, of the University, and the Excelsiors, resulting in a victory for the former by the following score:

[illegible]

POTTER PALMER BASE BALL CLUB.

A new club has been organized, under the name of the Potter Palmer Base Ball Club ... Their practice games are ... Wednesday evening next, ... may be addressed at Room 6 ... Building.

GAMES PLAYED YESTERDAY.

Nines from the City Collector's office and the Board of Public Works ... the former being victorious ... Union, Funk & Winslow's nines ... The Liberty Club beat the Little Anchors ...

RED STOCKINGS VS. STARS.

NEW YORK, June 18.—The Red Stockings beat the Stars, to-day, by a score of 16 to 11. The following is the score by innings:

[illegible]

BALTIMORE, June 18.—In a game of base ball, played in this city, to-day, between the ... club, the score stood: Marylands, 32; Pastimes, ...

HAYMAKERS VS. MUTUALS.

From the New York Sun, June 1.

An exciting game of base ball was played at ... yesterday between the Mutuals and the Haymakers ... [illegible]

GAME IN PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, June 18.—At a game of base ball, to-day, the Athletics scored 48 to the Futures' ...

MR. LEE'S EXPERIENCE.

His Descent from a Nice Farm to the City Bridewell.

A Story Without a Moral.

Yesterday John Philip Lee was sent to the Bridewell for forty-three days, that being the course adopted by the city to indemnify itself for the fine of ... [illegible]

[illegible]

NEW YORK.

THE COTTON TRADE.

NEW YORK, June 18.—The cotton movement for the week has been light. Receipts at all the ports, 12,586 bales; exports, ...

[illegible]

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A Story Without a Moral.

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SPORTING MATTERS.

The Race Against Time—Pocahontas Makes Her Mile in 2:18.

Great Race at Boston—Goldsmith Maid Again Victorious.

The Turf.

JOHNNY TAYLOR TO RIDE AGAINST TIME.

Johnny Taylor, the celebrated horse-rider against time, has been matched to ride fifty miles in two hours, at Dexter Park, on Saturday next, William Bardell, of California, betting $1,000, against a similar sum put up by James McConnick, of Chicago, that the feat is accomplished. ...

FAST TIME BY POCAHONTAS.

From the New York Sun, June 17.

Yesterday morning Mr. Bonner's mare Pocahontas trotted a mile on the Fashion course, without a skip or break, in 2:18, which is the fastest time ever made by any horse in harness except Dexter. ...

THE GREAT RACE AT BEACON PARK.

From the Boston Advertiser, June 16.

The great event of the meeting was the race for all horses. ...

Billiards.

THE CITY IN BRIEF.

Hotel Personals.

Among the arrivals at the Tremont House, yesterday, were the following: ...

Attempted Robbery.

Washingtonian Home.

Successful Enterprise.

Chicago Orphan Asylum.

Father Grogan's Fair.

NEW YORK.

THE COTTON TRADE.

NEW YORK, June 18.—The cotton movement of the week has been light. ...

Billy Manning.

Fatal Accident.

That Dead Burglar.

Meteorological.

Miscellaneous.

MUSICAL.

Closing Day of the Cincinnati Saengerfest—Serious Accident Caused by an Alarm of Fire.

CINCINNATI, June 18.— ...

RED RIVER.

Dates to June 3—All Quiet—Minister Thornton's Assurance Satisfactory—Arrivals of Furs, Etc.

Horrible Butchery Committed by an Insane Woman near Woodstock, Ill.

WOODSTOCK, June 17.— ...

THE WEST.

General Canby en route to the Pacific—Indians on the War Path Between Camp Supply and Fort Hays—Trains Attacked—Indians Driven Off—Indians Killed by a Railroad Train.

"Refrigerator Ship."

From the St. Louis Democrat, June 13.

FOREIGN.

Proceedings in the Œcumenical Council.

English, French, and Spanish Political News.

Gustave Flourens Ordered to Quit Greece.

GREAT BRITAIN.

FRANCE.

GREECE.

ITALY.

SPAIN.

THE POPES.

Two Hundred and Ninety-three Chiefs of the Catholic Church—How They Died, Etc.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

There have been two hundred and ninety-three chiefs of the Catholic Church, called Popes, from St. Peter down to Pius IX. Thirty-one of these chiefs of the Church were accused of being usurpers, and called Antipopes, just as the Bourbons considered Napoleon the First a usurper, and Pius IX. King Victor Emanuel. Of the two hundred and sixty-two Popes who were called legitimate, twenty-nine died by violence at the hands of their adversaries. ...

PANIC IN A ST. LOUIS HOTEL.

A Portion of the Rear Wall of the Everett House Gives Way—Nobody Killed or Wounded.

From the St. Louis Republican, June 18.

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.

Sudden Appearance of Lakes and Ponds in the Town of Wilton—Cellars and Wells Flooded.

From the Saratogian.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Two men have been arrested in Newport, R. I., for stealing crape from a door. ...

BUSINESS NOTICES.

MONETARY AND COMMERCIAL.

MONETARY.

SATURDAY EVENING, June 18.

COMMERCIAL.

SATURDAY EVENING, June 18.

The following table shows the receipts and shipments of produce at this point during the past twenty-four hours: ...

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

Foreign Markets.

Buffalo Live Stock Market.

The Produce Markets.

NEW YORK. PHILADELPHIA. BALTIMORE. MILWAUKEE. TOLEDO. DETROIT. LOUISVILLE. ST. LOUIS. OSWEGO. CINCINNATI. CLEVELAND. MEMPHIS. BUFFALO. NEW ORLEANS.

CHICAGO LIVE STOCK MARKET.

For the Week Ending June 18.

SATURDAY EVENING, June 18.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

Vessels Passed Detroit.

Illinois and Michigan Canal.

SCALES.



FAIRBANKS' STANDARD SCALES.

PROFESSIONAL.

RUPTURE CURATIVES.

DR. SHERMAN

133 DEARBORN-ST.

MEDICAL CARDS.

Dr. Bigelow,

Private Matters,

Your Destiny

PROPOSALS.

ADVERTISEMENT FOR PROPOSALS FOR PRINTING AND BINDING THE LAWS, JOURNALS, REPORTS, Etc., OF THE 27th General Assembly.

SEALED PROPOSALS

SUMMER RESORT.

WEST END HOTEL.

BUSINESS CARDS.

TRINIDAD ASPHALT.

RAILROADS.

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RAILROAD.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

LAKE SHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD.

CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY RAILROAD.

PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE & CHICAGO RAILWAY.

CHICAGO, ALTON & ST. LOUIS RAILROAD.

CHICAGO, DANVILLE & VINCENNES RAILROAD.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILROAD.

REAL ESTATE.

Progress of the City and County Debts and the Increase of Taxes.

How Many Can Live on the Parks and Boulevards?

Copying Paris—Street Trees—Real Estate Trade for the Week.

Below is given the Comptroller's estimate, made a few weeks ago, of the amounts necessary to defray the expenses of the City Government for the current year, and in the adjoining column are the amounts appropriated by the Common Council on the 13th: [illegible]

[illegible]

HOW MANY CAN LIVE ON THE PARKS?

[illegible]

THE SOUTH PARK.

[illegible]

REAL ESTATE SALES.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Life Insurance.

Persons wanting life insurance at its actual cost, should read the plans and rates of the National Life Insurance Company, of Chicago. The office is at No. 129 Monroe street.

Lipman's Bargains.

[illegible]

CITY REAL ESTATE.

[illegible]

SUBURBAN REAL ESTATE.

[illegible]

COUNTRY REAL ESTATE.

[illegible]

REAL ESTATE WANTED.

[illegible]

BOARD WANTED.

[illegible]

PARTNERS WANTED.

[illegible]

INSTRUCTION.

[illegible]

WANTED TO RENT.

[illegible]

CITY REAL ESTATE.

[illegible]

BOARDING AND LODGING.

[illegible]

BUSINESS CHANCES.

[illegible]

CLAIRVOYANTS.

[illegible]

FOR SALE.

[illegible]

AGENTS WANTED.

[illegible]

HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

[illegible]

TO RENT—HOUSES.

[illegible]

MACHINERY.

[illegible]

LOST AND FOUND.

[illegible]

PERSONAL.

[illegible]

TO RENT—ROOMS.

[illegible]

FINANCIAL.

[illegible]

HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

[illegible]

TO RENT—STORES, OFFICES, &c.

[illegible]

TO LEASE.

[illegible]

HELP WANTED—MALES.

[illegible]

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

[illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS.

[illegible]

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

[illegible]

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALES.

[illegible]

SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALE.

[illegible]

WANTED—TO EXCHANGE.

[illegible]

SEWING MACHINES.

[illegible]

SPAIN.

A Bull-Fight near Seville.

The Spectators, the Ring, and the Combatants.

Disembowelled Horses—The Final Duel.

Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

MADRID, May 31.

Bull fights in Spain, as the whipping post in Mecklenburg, have long been pointed out as incontestable marks of barbarism in these two countries. I went out to the *casa de toros* in Alcala de Guadalaira, an hour's ride from Seville, with all the prejudices natural to civilized Americans, but returned half inclined to tolerate the national amusement, provided no horses were sacrificed with the bull to please the public. Remove the poor blind-folded brutes that the fierce bulls tear to pieces, and a bull fight of the Spanish matadors would become as noble as the contest of the backwoodsman with the grizzly bear, when armed with nothing but a knife. For the picadores, banderilleros and espada carry the same weapons that were in use before fire-arms were known, the sword and spear, and have no defensive armor beside their own agility. Where is so thrillingly manifested the superiority of skill to force, of mind to instinct as in the decried Spanish arena. These exhibitions must not be confounded with the gladiatorial shows of imperial Rome, where slaves and captives were forced to combat with wild beasts, for Spanish gladiators belong to a free class, and have chosen the profession for which they are trained. So astounding is their aptness that they are safe at a few paces' distance from the fiercest bull of the walled pastures of Cordova. After this introduction, while we are waiting for the diligence, and standing before the pictured post bill, that announces the inauguration of the new amphitheatre at the village named above, capable of seating comfortably 4,000 spectators, and the entry of two bulls to be killed, besides others that amateurs of the audience may dodge and weary, let us jump into the coach already filling with a company we cannot spoil much either intellectually or morally. One of the best looking passengers is in company with a woman of little or no virtue, and the rest wear a look of animal complacency. But we'll find many of a better sort, venerable fathers and mothers, with their families, among the spectators. Along the road an increasing number of pleasure-seekers is passed, trudging afoot, riding horseback, a farmer and his wife astride the same animal, or driving a two-wheel mule cart.

The Andalusian costumes are picturesque, with the silk mantillas of Senoras replacing bonnet and shawl, and the red girdle, short, embroidered jacket, and big velvet hat, with brim rolled up, of the men.

Alcala de Guadalaira is unusually astir when we arrive. Every front door is open and occupied; the streets are lined with country people; the taverns swarm with guests, among whom you may distinguish the heroes of the day by the *queu* they habitually wear. The usual crowd of peddlers—crying figs, agua, bread and nuts—children and hangers-on, surround the new coliseum. Policemen keep order at the two entrances that lead to the sunny and shady sides of the circus, respectively. Many who cannot afford a seat in the shade of the walls are willing to broach three hours in the sun rather than lose the favorite spectacle. The interior is polygonal, and counts eleven brick tiers of seats from the top of the wall down to the round arena, that is separated from them by a considerable space, into which the aficionados or amateurs descend to approach the ring as nearly as possible. Into this space the fighters spring, over the five-foot post and board fence of the inner circle, when hard pressed by the bull. Below the broad stripe of the fence, tinted the color of bull's blood, there is a narrow step, a short way from the ground, on which they lodge their feet when vaulting. Two entrances, opposite each other, are made for the bulls, and their opponents, the horses and the men. The first is the exit of a darkened stall, where the fierce beasts are kept, and whence they rush into the arena, rendered doubly furious by the dazzling light and bursting shouts that receive them as their gate is open, and you can see the [illegible] stations of the fighters and the gaily harnessed mules who are to draw out the carcasses of bulls and horses between the scenes. At length it is half-past 4, the time appointed; the people have become discontented and clamorous. The music sounds, and the alguacil, or clown, in blue breeches and yellow coat, with shiny buttons, dashes his horse across the arena to catch the keys of the toril thrown down from the judge's stand, tied with gay ribbons. Then the gladiators march in procession, to salute the same honorable part of the house before stationing themselves in the ring. I mentioned their different names above. The picadores are heavy horsemen; their legs well protected by firmly-lined leather breeches against the horns of the bull; their short jackets, of a gay color, half hidden beneath tassels and embroidery of silver and gold, and armed with a long spear, terminating with a short steel point, destined to irritate the bull and stop his plunge at the poor horse, but not to seriously wound him. The banderilleros are light footmen, rather agile than strong, with no defence in their blue and green silk tights, that could not be pierced by a pin in an infant's hand, who attract and dazzle the bull with purple and scarlet mantles, which they unfurl in his face, and then excite the beast when weary by sticking arrows lightly into his shoulders. Lastly, the espada, or swordsmen, whose dress is distinguished by magnificence from that of the rest, obeys the cries of the people and the sound of the cornet, and plants his slight sword in the heart of the noble animal, which, with its fury, loses the power to please the spectators.

There you see the ring and know the actors. Watch the conflict. The picadores have ridden up to either side of the bull's gate; the rest have taken places at indifferent distances about the arena; the double gate is flung open; every eye is turned toward it; an intense silent excitement reigns; I, myself, am trembling in every member, and vainly struggling to get my breath. A mighty red bull gallops through the dark portal, with such fury, that he does not halt till his crescent-shaped horns have uplifted and completely overturned the nearest horse and rider. The banderilleros rush up, and, while one attracts the bull toward him with flying colors, easily eluding him by springing out of the arena, the others relieve the fallen gladiator, who remounts his horse without delay. This fall, that seems doubly dangerous, is the least feared of all, for the body of the horse is the best of bulwarks, and the tumble scarcely shakes the heavy armor of the cavalier. They stop the blood flowing freely from the wounded animal, by bending one of the fore knees. Meanwhile the bull has rushed around the ring, turning to dash at the old red cloaks tossed in his face, tearing one from their hands, and goring it in the sand. He has reached the other picador, who receives him with a firmer and more fortunate spear, that leaves a dark red stain between his shoulders. The first horse was wounded mortally, for his limbs already quiver beneath the weight of his rider. The high back, high front saddle is removed to be laid on his successor, and the poor brute walks off feebly, to lie down and die in the arena.

The bull, in his circuit, plunges his bloody horns horribly again and again into the fallen horse, and hastens death. There the noble animal lies, with a dozen gaping wounds, silent mouths that plainly tell his pain; his limbs stiffen, his side no longer heaves, life has fled. But the people have not been watching this sad spectacle; they are no more than satisfied after five have been killed this afternoon, the mad charges of the bull centre attention. Even his fury slackens as he wearies with the useless chase, and his shoulders are matted with gore. His sense of color seems lost, for he stands still, paws and snuffs the ground before his banterers. His seven years' strength is not yet wasted, for he turns with lightning speed on his more daring tormentors, and throws another horse upon its rider, plunging his horns a second time into the belly of the helpless brute, tearing out its bowels that drag along the ground. Even in this sickening condition it is again mounted, though it must sink before driven round half the arena. Two horses are dead, this one is dying, and the horned gladiator wearies of the slaughter. Other means, beside the red cloth, must be invented to rekindle his fury. The people already cry for banderillas; the cornet sounds and the banderilleros enter the ring, each bearing two pretty arrowed shafts. These must be planted in the neck and shoulders of the bull. In order to do this both hands must be passed at once between the animal's horns. This perilous feat is performed again and again at the moment when the bull lowers its head for an attack. Within a few minutes' time a half dozen banderillas are dangling from the furious beast, reinfuriated by this new torture. The more wildly he plunges and shakes his head, the more they nettle him, till he learns the advantage of quietness again. When they close upon him from all sides he turns without pursuing. The sport has grown tedious to the crowd, that now cries "muerte," "muerte." It is the espada's turn. Advancing, with his scarlet mantle thrown over his arm to hide his long double-edged sword, within a pace of the bull's head, he waits until the most threatening motion of the horns permits him to lodge his blade deeply between the ribs of the brute. As it is, you hear a low of pain, the first tone of suffering. If the blow had been better delivered, the great creature would have sunk at the feet of the espada, whose own death seemed inevitable. The bull dashes off, lifts the dying horse upon his feet again, then turns to the gate and tries to return to his fat pasture grounds. A second time the steel is buried nearly up to the hilt, and the noble animal slowly sinks, surrounded by its persecutors, amid bursts of music and applause. A young man runs up from behind and deals a final blow with a short dagger. A few convulsive kicks are the last reminders of the force and fury of the brute that a few minutes ago ruled the arena.

No interlude is thought of in these amusements, and, as soon as the dead bull and horses have been dragged out, the same thrilling spectacle is presented again. Quite as interesting to me was the closing scene, in which several young bulls were played with in a manner laughable as well as exciting. The ring was thronged with amateurs who tried to excel each other in daring escapes. One turns and stops a furious young bull by a look; another kneels before it and tosses dust in its eyes; a third holds on to his mantle though entangled in the horns of the bull, and finally pulls it out from between the fellow's feet; but a fourth would have been hooked if an instant less spry, and a fifth was knocked nearly double and lay as one dead until his friends helped him out of danger. There is to be a gala bull-fight in Madrid, day after to-morrow, when eight bulls and, they hope, at least twenty horses will be killed. Will you buy a ticket? I wouldn't go with you.

W. W. E., Jr.

The Poem of "The Children."

We published last week a poem, which is travelling through the newspapers, entitled "The Children," and credited to Charles Dickens, [illegible] of its authenticity. The question is set at rest by the following letter, which gives both the authorship and the original place of the poem:

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

In the Supplement of Sunday last you published a poem, "The Children," the authorship of which is ascribed to the late Charles Dickens. This is a mistake. The poem was written by Charles M. Dickinson, formerly a writer for numerous papers and magazines, and whose *nom-de-plume* was "The Village Schoolmaster." His poetic muse has of late given place to the sterner requirements of the law, he having studied with the Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, and being now a law-partner of Hon. G. W. Hotchkiss, of Binghamton, N. Y. The said poem was originally written for the second volume of Mrs. C. M. Kirtland's "School-girl's Garland," published in 1864.

H.

CHICAGO, June 27, 1870.

DISRAELI.

His Dangerous Illness—His Denunciations of Gladstone—O'Connell's Denunciations of Disraeli.

The London correspondent of the New York *World* says:

Mr. Disraeli, as you know, has been suffering for some months from a very dangerous and painful disease—a species of gout in a suppressed and obscure form—and his condition during the past two or three weeks has been such as to cause great anxiety among his friends. A great deal of reticence has been maintained by them, however, and it has been very difficult to obtain accurate information concerning the extent of his danger. The other day, after the appearance in *Blackwood* of the brutal attack upon the author of "Lothair," one of the comic journals appeared with an excellent cartoon entitled "The Sick Lion and the Jackass," Disraeli being pictured as the suffering king of beasts and *Blackwood* as the ridiculous little donkey kicking at the foe who was no longer able to defend himself. The roar of laughter which convulsed the town on Wednesday morning, when Goldwin Smith asserted that he was the "parasite" described in "Lothair," and from his safe retreat at Cornell University uttered his scream of impotent and ridiculous rage, was followed by a pang of regret at the thought that the health of the satirist whose "stingless insults" had penetrated the callous cuticle of a man whose whole life has been spent in cultivating the art of inelegant vituperation was so shattered as to deprive him, probably, of the full enjoyment of this unexpected and unwilling tribute to his skill. The illness of Mr. Disraeli dates from the beginning of February, when a severe cold compelled his absence from the opening of Parliament. The cold ended in an attack of bronchitis; but this was overcome, and a few days afterward he took his seat in the House. His appearance, however, even then alarmed his friends; he walked with a feeble step, and his face was overspread with a deadly paleness. While the Irish Coercion bill was going through the House he took no part in the debate; he made a single speech, one remarkable for its fairness and temperance, on the second reading of the Land bill; but immediately afterward he again broke down, and was absent from the House for many nights. When the bill got into committee, and the all-important third clause was reached, Mr. Disraeli got out of his sick bed and came down to the House to declare that the government had so changed the character of the bill that the conservatives could no longer support it. He looked worse than ever, and it was thought that he was too weak to stand on his legs. But the vigor of his mind overcame the lassitude of his body, and, although it was evident that he was suffering severely, he made two admirable speeches, in the last of which he made the House laugh when, while entreating the government to revert to the original plan of their bill, he said that they had varied from it "in order to gain the voices of some few—I will not say groundlings, but of some few *gents* who sit on the other side of the House." For a month after this, Mr. Disraeli was too unwell to come down to the House, but he then came to move one of his amendments. Since then he has not appeared at all; it was reported that he had suffered a relapse; and the other day a letter from his Private Secretary was read, apologizing for his non-appearance at a meeting, on the ground that his medical adviser had absolutely prohibited him from public speaking. It is also said that his illness has been much aggravated by the reaction consequent upon the publication of "Lothair." The book has met with a wonderful success, and, as it was written for a political purpose, its author is at once elated by the prospect of a triumph and depressed by the fear that he may not live to reap its fruits. The unexampled dullness that has pervaded the House during this session has been caused partly by the overpowering solemnity of Mr. Gladstone, and partly by the absence of Mr. Bright and Mr. Disraeli. The latter was never dull—merciless he often was, but dull never. A gentleman who sat for many years in the reporters' gallery told me the other day an anecdote of the manner in which Disraeli sometimes contrived to say the most bitter things to his opponents and still to keep within the bounds of parliamentary rules. One of his devices was to draw an imaginary portrait of some wretch too base to live, and while doing this to look at the Speaker, and point with his finger, as if unconsciously, to the person whom he intended thus to describe. Thus, on one night, when Mr. Gladstone was sitting in his accustomed place on the opposite side of the table, and Disraeli was speaking, he began to sketch the character of some imaginary person, whom he invested with attributes which were recognized as a perfect but ludicrous travesty of some of Mr. Gladstone's peculiarities. Then, suddenly turning round, so that he stood with his face to the Speaker and his right side toward Mr. Gladstone, he raised his hand and pointed it at Gladstone's face, while he kept his eyes fixed on the Speaker. "And do you mean to tell me," he exclaimed, "that *this* man, so lost to all sense of justice; *this* solemn charlatan who parades pretence for piety; *this* wretch who barbarously betrays his trust," &c.—with every *this* shaking his finger at poor Gladstone, as if in accident, but pointing his denunciations so that every shaft went home and rankled in his breast. These encounters, however, have left no bad blood behind them; and behind the scenes, and even before the scenes, everywhere save in the House of Commons, the Premier and the ex-Premier are excellent friends.

Daniel O'Connell on Benjamin Disraeli.

The provocation for the following bitter extract from a speech, delivered at Taunton about thirty years ago, was furnished by some remarks of Disraeli, in the course of which he alluded to O'Connell as a "traitor" and an "incendiary." The great orator, rising in his wrath to the full majesty of Irish invective, thus replied:

"This miscreant had the audacity to style me an incendiary. Why, I was a greater incendiary in 1831 than I am at present, if ever I were one—and if I am, he is doubly so for having employed me. Then he calls me a traitor. My answer to that is, he is a liar. He is a liar in actions and in words. His life is a living lie. He is a disgrace to his species. What state of society must that be that can tolerate such a creature—having the audacity to come forward with one set of principles at one time, and obtain political assistance by reason of those principles, and at another to profess diametrically the reverse? His life, I say again, is a living lie. He is the most degraded of his species and kind; and England is degraded in tolerating, or having upon the face of her society, a miscreant of his abominable, foul, and atrocious nature. My language is harsh, and I owe an apology for it, but I will tell you why I owe that apology. It is for this reason: that, if there be harsher words in the British language, I should use them, because it is the harshest of all terms that would be descriptive of a wretch of this species. He is just the fellow for the Conservative Club. I suppose if Sir Robert Peel had been out of the way when he was called upon to take office, this fellow would have undertaken to supply his place. He has falsehood enough, depravity and selfishness enough to become the fitting leader of the Conservatives. He is Conservatism personified. His name shows him by descent a Jew. His father became a convert. He is better for that in this world; I hope, of course, he will be the better for it in the next. There is a habit of underrating that great and oppressed nation—the Jews. They are cruelly persecuted by persons calling themselves Christians; but no person ever yet was a Christian who persecuted. The cruelest persecution they suffer is upon their character, by the foul names which their calumniators bestowed upon them before they carried their atrocities into effect. They feel the persecution of calumny severer upon them than the persecution of actual force and the tyranny of actual torture. I have the happiness to be acquainted with some Jewish families in London, and amongst them more accomplished ladies, or more humane, cordial, high-minded, or better educated gentlemen, I have never met. It will not be supposed, therefore, when I speak of Disraeli as the descendant of a Jew, that I mean to tarnish him on that account. They were once the chosen people of God. There were miscreants among them, also, and it must have certainly been from one of those that Disraeli descended. He possesses just the qualities of the impertinent thief who died upon the cross, whose name, I verily believe, must have been Disraeli. For aught I know, the present Disraeli is descended from him; and, with the impression that he is, I now forgive the heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief that died upon the cross."

Emerson's Mental Life.

Emerson lives for thought. Here is one man in this broad America who believes that thoughts are realities, and that an idea is precious and as valuable as the globe; and, as he possesses several of them, he is unquestionably the millionaire of the times; and let no man who has millions of bonds pretend to anything like being a Crœsus in his company. He has his ideas; and he has earned them by living for them; the experiences and changes of life, society, and books, are simply to give him thoughts, and living thoughts to refresh himself and all mankind; and so he keeps a commonplace book and diary. I suppose he began very young. If a thought occurs in his study he puts it in his commonplace book. He knows where to stop, and never takes up his pen until he has something to write. Suppose he takes a walk in the woods, some new thought or association occurs to him; on his return it is put in his diary. If he has a conversation that suggests anything fresh and new and fine, that also goes into his commonplace book. Suppose he dreams a dream and anything fresh and new comes to him, that also goes into the commonplace book. Any image that occurs to him, any picture, or book, may suggest thoughts, and they go into this book, and so these books are filled. However much he may have thought, he looks over his commonplace books and sees what he has been thinking about. Suppose he has twenty passages on "Beauty," that the ruling sentiment or thought or tone of these passages relates to beauty, he has then the material for an essay on beauty. He did not choose his theme; it has chosen him. He then writes out on a slip of paper sometimes a single sentence, sometimes a paragraph, and also looks over his commonplace books, and traces a line over those he has used. Then a paragraph is selected which may serve as an introduction. I went to see him once in the morning, and upon entering his room found him in one corner of the room and a large number of papers spread out before him. He wanted, as I guessed, to see them all at once, in order to determine which to commence with [illegible]

HELP WANTED—MALES.

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALES.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN lately arrived from Germany; speaks French and German [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—A MAN OF GOOD [illegible]

Bookkeepers, Clerks, &c.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A MAN WHO speaks German and English [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—A YOUNG MAN, 25 years of age [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—TO MERCHANTS—AN accountant of great experience [illegible]

SITUATION WANTED—IN A WHOLESALE [illegible]

EXCHANGE.

WANTED—TO EXCHANGE—A LARGE LINE OF city unimproved and improved property. BALDWIN DAVIS, 145 Madison-st.

WANTED—TO EXCHANGE—FIRST-CLASS NEW [illegible]

WANTED—TO EXCHANGE—FOR MONEY OR improved farms [illegible] O. McDONNELL, 131 Randolph-st.

WANTED—TO EXCHANGE—FOR CITY PROPERTY [illegible]

WANTED—TO EXCHANGE—A HORSE, BUGGY and harness for a house and lot [illegible]

WANTED—TO EXCHANGE—FOR IMPROVED [illegible]

WANTED—TO EXCHANGE—FINEST FARM IN Wisconsin [illegible] GARRISON, HALLOCK & WOODBURY.

WANTED—TO EXCHANGE—20 ACRES IN WISconsin [illegible]

WANTED—TO EXCHANGE—IMPROVED CITY [illegible]

SEWING MACHINES.

FOR SALE—A SINGER'S NO. 2 SEWING MAchine [illegible]

FOR SALE—SEWING MACHINES—PARTIES [illegible]

SPAIN.

A Bull-Fight near Seville.

The Spectators, the Ring, and the Combatants.

Disembowelled Horses—The Final Duel.

Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

MADRID, May 31.

Bull fights in Spain, as the whipping post in [illegible]lenburg, have long been pointed out as incontestable marks of barbarism in these two countries. I went out to the casa de toros at Alcala de Guadalaira, an hour's ride from Seville, with all the prejudices natural to civilized Americans, but returned half inclined to [illegible] the national amusement, provided no [illegible] were sacrificed with the bull [illegible] please the public. Remove the poor blind-folded horses that the fierce bulls tear to pieces, and the bull fight of the Spanish matadors would become as noble as the contest of the backwoodsman with the grizzly bear, when armed with nothing but a knife. For the picadores, banderilleros and espada carry the same weapons that were in use before fire-arms were known, the sword and spear, and have no defensive armor beside their own agility. There is so thrillingly manifested the superiority of skill to force, of mind to instinct in the decried Spanish arena. These exhibitions must not be confounded with the gladiatorial shows of imperial Rome, where slaves and captives were forced to combat with wild beasts, for Spanish gladiators belong to a free class, and have chosen the profession for which they are trained. So astounding is their confidence that they are safe at a few paces' distance from the fiercest bull of the valiant pastures of Cordova. After this introduction, we are waiting for the diligence, and standing before the pictured post bill, that announces the inauguration of the new amphitheatre at the village named above, capable of seating comfortably 4,000 spectators, and the entry of two bulls to be killed, besides [illegible] others that amateurs of the audience may dodge and weary, let us jump into the coach already [illegible] with a company we cannot spoil much intellectually or morally. One of the [illegible] passengers is in company with a [illegible] of little or no virtue, and the rest wear a look of animal complacency. But we'll find [illegible] of a better sort, venerable fathers and mothers, with their families, among the spectators. Along the road an increasing number of pleasure-seekers is passed, trudging afoot, riding horseback, a farmer and his wife [illegible] the same animal, or driving a two-wheel [illegible] cart.

The Andalusian costumes are picturesque, [illegible] the silk mantillas of Senoras replacing [illegible] shawl, and the red girdle, short, [illegible] jacket, and big velvet hat, with [illegible] up, of the men.

Alcala de Guadalaira is unusually astir when we arrive. Every front door is open and occupied; the streets are lined with country people; the taverns swarm with guests, among whom you may distinguish the heroes of the day by the [illegible] they habitually [illegible]. The usual crowd of peddlers—crying [illegible] agua, bread and nuts—children and [illegible] surround the new coliseum. Police keep order at the two entrances that lead to the sunny and shady sides of the circus respectively. Many who cannot afford a seat in the shade of the walls are willing to [illegible] three hours in the sun rather than lose the favorite spectacle. The interior is polygonal, and counts eleven brick tiers of seats from the top of the wall down to the round [illegible], that is separated from them by a considerable space, into which the aficionados or [illegible] descend to approach the ring as near as possible. Into this space the fighters [illegible] over the five-foot post and board fence [illegible] inner circle, when hard pressed by the [illegible]. Below the broad stripe of the fence, [illegible] the color of bull's blood, there is a [illegible] step, a short way from the ground, [illegible] they lodge their feet when vaulting. Two entrances, opposite each other, [illegible] made for the bulls, and their opponents, [illegible] horses and the men. The first is the exit [illegible] darkened stall, where the noble beasts [illegible] kept, and whence they rush into the arena, [illegible] doubly furious by the dazzling light [illegible] bursting shouts that receive them. The [illegible] gate is open, and you can see the preparations of the fighters and the gaily harnessed [illegible] who are to draw out the carcasses of [illegible] and horses between the scenes. At [illegible] it is half-past 4, the time appointed; [illegible] people have become discontented and [illegible]. The music sounds, and the alguacil [illegible] down, in blue breeches and yellow coat, [illegible] buttons, dashes his horse across the arena to catch the keys of the toril thrown [illegible] from the judge's stand, tied with gay [illegible]. Then the gladiators march in procession to salute the same honorable part of [illegible] before stationing themselves in the [illegible]. I mentioned their different names above. The picadores are heavy horsemen; their legs are protected by firmly-lined leather breeches against the horns of the bull; their short [illegible], of a gay color, half hidden beneath [illegible] and embroidery of silver and gold, and [illegible] with a long spear, terminating with a [illegible] steel point, destined to irritate the bull and stop his plunge at the poor horse, but not [illegible] seriously wound him. The banderilleros are light footmen, rather agile than strong, with no defense in their blue and green silk [illegible] that could not be pierced by a pin in an [illegible] hand, who attract and dazzle the bull with purple and scarlet mantles, which they [illegible] in his face, and then excite the beast when weary by sticking arrows lightly into his shoulders. Lastly, the espada, or swordsman, whose dress is distinguished by magnificence from that of the rest, obeys the cries of the people and the sound of the cornet, and plants his bright sword in the heart of the noble animal, which, with its fury, loses the power to please the spectators.

There you see the ring and know the actors. Watch the conflict. The picadores have ridden [illegible] to either side of the bull's gate; the rest have taken places at indifferent distances [illegible] the arena; the double gate is flung open; every eye is turned toward it; an intense silent excitement reigns; I, myself, am trembling in every member, and vainly struggling to get my breath. A mighty red bull [illegible] through the dark portal, with such fury, that he does not halt till his crescent-shaped horns have uplifted and completely [illegible] the nearest horse and rider. The banderilleros rush up, and, while one attracts the bull toward him with flying colors, [illegible] eluding him by springing out of the [illegible], the others relieve the fallen gladiator, who remounts his horse without delay. This fall, that seems doubly dangerous, is the least feared of all, for the body of the horse is the [illegible] of bulwarks, and the tumble scarcely shakes the heavy armor of the cavalier. They stop the blood flowing freely from the wounded animal, by bending one of the fore knees. Meanwhile the bull has rushed around the ring, turning to dash at the old red cloaks tossed in his face, tearing one from their hands, and goring it in the sand. He has reached the other picador, who receives him with a firmer and more fortunate spear, that leaves a dark red stain between his shoulders. The first horse was wounded mortally, for his limbs already quiver beneath the weight of his rider. The high back, high front saddle is removed to be laid on his successor, and the poor brute walks off feebly, to lie down and die in the arena.

The bull, in his circuit, plunges his bloody horns horribly again and again into the fallen horse, and hastens death. There the noble animal lies, with a dozen gaping wounds, silent [illegible] that plainly tell his pain; his limbs stiffen, his side no longer heaves, life has fled. But the people have not been watching this sad spectacle; they are no more than satisfied after five have been killed this afternoon, the mad charges of the bull centre attention. Even his fury slackens as he wearies with the useless chase, and his shoulders are matted with gore. His sense of color seems lost, for he stands still, paws and snuffs the ground before his banterers. His seven years' strength is not yet wasted, for he turns with lightning speed on his more daring tormentors, and throws another horse upon its rider, plunging his horns a second time into the belly of the helpless brute, tearing out its bowels that drag along the ground. Even in this sickening condition it is again mounted, though it must sink before driven round half the arena. Two horses are dead, the one is dying, and the bravest gladiator wearies of the slaughter. Other means, beside the red cloth, must be invented to rekindle its fury. The people already cry for banderillas; the cornet sounds, and the banderilleros enter the ring, each [illegible] two pretty arrowed shafts. These must be planted in the neck and shoulders of the bull. In order to do this both hands must be passed at once between the animal's horns. This perilous feat is performed again and again at the moment when the bull lowers its head for an attack. Within a few minutes' [illegible] half dozen banderillas are dangling from the furious beast, reinforced by this [illegible] torture. The more wildly he plunges and shakes his head, the more they nettle him, till he learns the advantage of quietness again. When they close upon him from all sides he turns without pursuing. The sport has grown tedious to the crowd, that now [illegible] "muerte, muerte." It is the espada's turn. Advancing, with his scarlet mantle thrown over his arm to hide his long double-edged sword, within a pace of the bull's head, he waits until the most threatening motion of the horns permits him to lodge his blade deep [illegible] between the ribs of the brute. As it is, you [illegible] a low of pain, the first tone of suffering. [illegible] the blow had been better delivered, the great [illegible] would have sunk at the feet of the [illegible] whose own death seemed inevitable. [illegible] dashes off, lifts the dying horse upon [illegible] again, then turns to the gate and [illegible] to return to his far pasture grounds. A [illegible] the steel is buried nearly up to [illegible] hilt, and the noble animal slowly sinks, [illegible] by his persecutors, amid bursts of [illegible] and applause. A young man runs up [illegible] behind and deals a final blow with a short [illegible]. A few convulsive kicks are the last [illegible] of the force and fury of the brute [illegible] a few minutes ago ruled the arena.

[illegible] interlude is thought of in the amusement, and, as soon as the dead bull and horses have been dragged out, the same thrilling spectacle is presented again. Quite as interesting to me was the closing scene, in which several young bulls were played with in a manner laughable as well as exciting. The [illegible] was thronged with amateurs who tried to [illegible] each other in daring escapes. One turns [illegible] a furious young bull by a look; another kneels before it and tosses dust in its [illegible]; a third holds on to his mantle though [illegible] in the horns of the bull, and finally [illegible] it out from between the fellow's feet; a fourth would have been booked if an [illegible] spry, and a fifth was knocked nearly [illegible] and lay as one dead until his friends [illegible] him out of danger. There is to be a [illegible] bull-fight in Madrid, day after to-morrow, [illegible] bulls and, they hope, at least twenty [illegible] will be killed. Will you buy a [illegible]? I wouldn't go with you.

W. W. E., JR.

The Poem of "The Children."

We published last week a poem, which is [illegible] through the newspapers, entitled "[illegible] Children," and credited to Charles Dickens [illegible] of its authenticity. The question is set at rest by the following letter, which gives both the authorship and the original place of the poem:

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

In the Supplement of Sunday last you published a poem, "The Children," the authorship of which is ascribed to the late Charles Dickens. This is a mistake. The poem was written by Charles M. Dickinson, formerly a writer for numerous papers and magazines, and whose nom-de-plume was "The Village Schoolmaster." His poetic muse has of late given place to the sterner requirements of the law, he having studied with the Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, and being now a law partner of Hon. G. W. Hotchkiss, of Binghamton, N. Y. The late poem was originally written for the second volume of Mrs. C. M. Kirtland's "School-girl's Garland," published in 1866. H.

CHICAGO, June 27, 1870.

DISRAELI.

His Dangerous Illness—His Denunciations of Gladstone—O'Connell's Denunciations of Disraeli.

The London correspondent of the New York *World* says:

Mr. Disraeli, as you know, has been suffering for some months from a very dangerous and painful disease—a species of gout in a suppressed and obscure form—and his condition during the past two or three weeks has been such as to cause great anxiety among his friends. A great deal of reticence has been maintained by them, however, and it has been very difficult to obtain accurate information concerning the extent of his danger. The other day, after the appearance in *Blackwood* of the brutal attack upon the author of "Lothair," one of the comic journals appeared with an excellent cartoon entitled "The Sick Lion and the Jackass," Disraeli being pictured as the suffering king of beasts and *Blackwood* as the ridiculous little donkey kicking at the foe who was no longer able to defend himself. The roar of laughter which convulsed the town on Wednesday morning, when Goldwin Smith asserted that he was the "social parasite" described in "Lothair," and from his safe retreat at Cornell University uttered his scream of impotent and ridiculous rage, was followed by a pang of regret at the thought that the health of the satirist whose "stingless insults" had penetrated the callous cuticle of a man whose whole life has been spent in cultivating the art of inelegant vituperation was so shattered as to deprive him, probably, of the full enjoyment of this unexpected and unwilling tribute to his skill. The illness of Mr. Disraeli dates from the beginning of February, when a severe cold compelled his absence from the opening of Parliament. The cold ended in an attack of bronchitis; but this was overcome, and a few days afterward he took his seat in the House. His appearance, however, even then alarmed his friends; he walked with a feeble step, and his face was overspread with a deadly paleness. While the Irish Coercion bill was going through the House he took no part in the debate; he made a single speech, one remarkable for its fairness and temperance, on the second reading of the Land bill; but immediately afterward he again broke down, and was absent from the House for many nights. When the bill got into committee, and the all-important third clause was reached, Mr. Disraeli got out of his sick bed and came down to the House to declare that the government had so changed the character of the bill that the conservatives could no longer support it. He looked worse than ever, and it was thought that he was too weak to stand on his legs. But the vigor of his mind overcame the lassitude of his body, and, although it was evident that he was suffering severely, he made two admirable speeches, in the last of which he made the House laugh when, while entreating the government to revert to the original plan of their bill, he said that they had varied from it "in order to gain the voices of some few—I will not say groundlings, but of some few *gents* who sit on the other side of the House." For a month after this, Mr. Disraeli was too unwell to come down to the House, but he then came to move one of his amendments. Since then he has not appeared at all; it was reported that he had suffered a relapse; and the other day a letter from his Private Secretary was read, apologizing for his non-appearance at a meeting, on the ground that his medical adviser had absolutely prohibited him from public speaking. It is also said that his illness has been much aggravated by the reaction consequent upon the publication of "Lothair." The book has met with a wonderful success, and, as it was written for a political purpose, its author is at once elated by the prospect of a triumph and depressed by the fear that he may not live to reap its fruits. The unexampled dullness that has pervaded the House during this session has been caused partly by the overpowering solemnity of Mr. Gladstone, and partly by the absence of Mr. Bright and Mr. Disraeli. The latter was never dull—[illegible] he often was, but dull never. A gentleman who sat for many years in the reporters' gallery told me the other day an anecdote of the manner in which Disraeli sometimes contrived to say the most bitter things to his opponents and still to keep within the bounds of parliamentary rules. One of his devices was to draw an imaginary portrait of some wretch too base to live, and while doing this to look at the Speaker, and point with his finger, as if unconsciously, to the person whom he intended thus to describe. Thus, on one night, when Mr. Gladstone was sitting in his accustomed place on the opposite side of the table, and Disraeli was speaking, he began to sketch the character of some imaginary person, whom he invested with attributes which were recognized as a perfect but ludicrous travesty of some of Mr. Gladstone's peculiarities. Then, suddenly turning round, so that he stood with his face to the Speaker and his right side toward Mr. Gladstone, he raised his hand and pointed it at Gladstone's face, while he kept his eyes fixed on the Speaker. "And do you mean to tell me," he exclaimed, "that *this* man, so lost to all sense of justice; *this* solemn charlatan who parades pretence for piety; *this* wretch who barbarously betrays his trust," &c.—with every *this* shaking his finger at poor Gladstone, as if in accident, but pointing his denunciations so that every shaft went home and rankled in his breast. These encounters, however, have left no bad blood behind them; and behind the scenes, and even before the scenes, everywhere save in the House of Commons, the Premier and the ex-Premier are excellent friends.

Daniel O'Connell on Benjamin Disraeli.

The provocation for the following bitter extract from a speech, delivered at Taunton about thirty years ago, was furnished by some remarks of Disraeli, in the course of which he alluded to O'Connell as a "traitor" and an "incendiary." The great orator, rising in his wrath to the full majesty of Irish invective, thus replied:

"This miscreant had the audacity to style me an incendiary. Why, I was a greater incendiary in 1831 than I am at present, if ever I were one—and if I am, he is doubly so for having employed me. Then he calls me a traitor. My answer to that is, he is a liar. He is a liar in actions and in words. His life is a living lie. He is a disgrace to his species. What state of society must that be that can tolerate such a creature—having the audacity to come forward with one set of principles at one time, and obtain political assistance by reason of those principles, and at another to profess diametrically the reverse? His life, I say again, is a living lie. He is the most degraded of his species and kind; and England is degraded in tolerating or having upon the face of her society, a miscreant of his abominable, foul, and atrocious nature. My language is harsh, and I owe an apology for it, but I will tell you why I owe that apology. It is for this reason: that, if there be harsher words in the British language, I should use them, because it is the harshest of all terms that would be descriptive of a wretch of this species. He is just the fellow for the Conservative Club. I suppose if Sir Robert Peel had been out of the way when he was called upon to take office, this fellow would have undertaken to supply his place. He has falsehood enough, depravity and selfishness enough to become the fitting leader of the Conservatives. He is Conservatism personified. His name shows him by descent a Jew. His father became a convert. He is better for that in this world; I hope, of course, he will be the better for it in the next. There is a habit of underrating that great and oppressed nation—the Jews. They are cruelly persecuted by persons calling themselves Christians; but no person ever yet was a Christian who persecuted. The cruelest persecution they suffer is upon their character, by the foul names which their calumniators bestowed upon them before they carried their atrocities into effect. They feel the persecution of calumny severer upon them than the persecution of actual force and the tyranny of actual torture. I have the happiness to be acquainted with some Jewish families in London, and amongst them more accomplished ladies, or more humane, cordial, high-minded, or better educated gentlemen, I have never met. It will not be supposed, therefore, when I speak of Disraeli as the descendant of a Jew, that I mean to tarnish him on that account. They were once the chosen people of God. There were miscreants among them, also, and it must have certainly been from one of those that Disraeli descended. He possesses just the qualities of the impenitent thief who died upon the cross, whose name, I verily believe, must have been Disraeli. For aught I know, the present Disraeli is descended from him; and, with the impression that he is, I now forgive the heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief that died upon the cross."

Emerson's Mental Life.

Emerson lives for thought. Here is one man in this broad America who believes that thoughts are realities, and that an idea is precious and as valuable as the globe; and, as he possesses several of them, he is unquestionably the millionaire of the times; and let no man who has millions of bonds pretend to anything like being a Croesus in his company. He has his ideas; and he has earned them by living for them; the experiences and changes of life, society, and books, are simply to give him thoughts, and living thoughts to refresh himself and all mankind; and so he keeps a commonplace book and diary. I suppose he began very young. If a thought occurs in his study he puts it in his commonplace book. He knows where to stop, and never takes up his pen until he has something to write. Suppose he takes a walk in the woods, some new thought or association occurs to him; on his return it is put in his diary. If he has a conversation that suggests anything fresh and new and fine, that also goes into his commonplace book. Suppose he dreams a dream and anything fresh and new comes to him, that also goes into the commonplace book. Any image that occurs to him, any picture, or book, may suggest thoughts, and they go into this book, and so these books are filled. However much he may have thought, he looks over his commonplace books and sees what he has been thinking about. Suppose he has twenty passages on "Beauty," that the ruling sentiment or thought or tone of these passages relates to beauty, he has then the material for an essay on beauty. He did not choose his theme; it has chosen him. He then writes out on a slip of paper sometimes a single sentence, sometimes a paragraph, and also looks over his commonplace books, and traces a line over those he has used. Then a paragraph is selected which may serve as an introduction. I went to see him once in the morning, and upon entering his room found him in one corner of the room and a large number of papers spread out before him. He wanted, as I suspect, to see them all at once, in order to determine which to commence with. That was my inference. At length these [illegible] into something like [illegible] leaves and go to a platform; and he expects that the inspiration will be given him at the moment which to skip and which to read. The public are then taken into his confidence, so far as they listen to what he has written, but the public are not aware of the service they are doing him when they give him their hospitable ears; for he is learning which is good and which is not; he is learning which to omit and which to keep in his essay. And so, after having read his lecture four or five seasons in various places throughout the country, he learns what is good, supplies deficiencies, makes omissions, and after five or six years prints his essay.—*Alcott.*

To Lydia Maria Child.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The sweet spring day is glad with music,
But through it sounds a sadder strain;
The worthiest of our narrowing circle
Sings Loring's dirges o'er again.

O, woman greatly loved! I join thee
In tender memories of our friend;
With thee across the awful spaces
The greeting of a soul I send!

What cheer hath he? How is it with him?
Where lingers he this weary while?
Over what pleasant fields of Heaven
Dawns the sweet sunrise of his smile?

Does he not know our feet are treading
The earth hard down on Slavery's grave?
That, in our crowning exultations,
We miss the charm his presence gave?

Why on this spring air comes no whisper
From him to tell us all is well?
Why to our flower-time comes no token
Of lily and of asphodel?

I feel the unutterable longing,
Thy hunger of the heart is mine;
I reach and grope for hands in darkness,
My ear grows sharp for voice or sign.

Still on the lips of all we question
The finger of God's silence lies;
Will the lost hands in ours be folded?
Will the shut eyelids ever rise?

O, friend! no proof beyond this yearning,
This outreach of our hearts, we need;
God will not mock the hope He giveth,
No love He prompts shall vainly plead.

Then let us stretch our hands in darkness,
And call our loved ones o'er and o'er;
Some day their arms shall close about us,
And the old voices speak once more.

No dreary splendors wait our coming
Where rapt ghost sits from ghost apart;
Homeward we go to Heaven's thanksgiving,
The harvest-gathering of the heart!

THE PILGRIMS AT ROME.

Washing of Feet.

From "The Vatican Council" (in the (July) Catholic World, by Father Hecker.

At one side of the large sanctuary, which is about 130 feet deep, and 75 feet broad, an ascent of eight or ten steps leads to a broad platform visible to all. On this platform attendants move about, preparing all that is necessary for the next portion of the ceremony, the *mandatum*, or washing of feet. Soon a line of thirteen figures, dressed as pilgrims in long white woollen robes reaching to the instep, ascend to the platform, and the attendants conduct them to the seats that are prepared. They are priests from abroad who have come to Rome, and all eyes are turned to inspect them as they stand ranged in a line. One is an old man stooped with age, with large, piercing dark eyes, and heavy eyebrows, long aquiline nose, and high cheek bones, and ruddy cheeks. The olive tint of his skin looks darker by contrast with his ample flowing beard of patriarchal whiteness. He is from the East. Perhaps those two other younger ones, with full black beards, are from the East likewise. To judge by his almond eye, the long and regular features, and the darkish skin, the other was an Egyptian. Of a fifth there could be no mistake. He was from Senegambia, in Africa, and his surname was *Zambo*, or, as we call it in America, *Sambo*. His jet black skin, his negro features, the blue spectacles he wore, and his instinctive attitude of dignity, made him the most conspicuous in the number. They entered, wearing tall white caps, in shape something like stovepipe hats without any rim, and with a tuft on the summit; long white dresses of the shape you may see in the miniatures of illuminated manuscripts written a thousand years ago; and even their stockings and shoes were white as their dress. As all were ready, the Pontiff enters, and the choir intones the antiphon, "Mandatum novum." "A new command I give you." Some preliminary prayers are chanted, and the Pontiff, putting off the cope, but retaining his mitre, is girded with an apron, and ascends the platform. An attendant unlaces the shoe on the right foot of the first pilgrim, and lets down the stocking. Other attendants present the ewer of water and the towels; the Pontiff, stooping down or kneeling, washes the instep, dries it with a towel, and kisses it. While the attendants raise the stocking and lace the shoe, the Holy Father gives to the pilgrim a large nosegay, which in former times contained a coin to aid him on his journey homeward. He did the same thing one by one to all of them. During this touching ceremony the choir continued to sing anthem after anthem; but few present did more than listen vaguely and enjoy the sound, so preoccupied, or rather so fascinated, all seemed to be by a ceremony so rarely used in the Church, and so fully recalling our Divine Savior's act and instruction before the Last Supper. Few have ever seen it in church, save as to-day here in St. Peter's, on Holy Thursday. It may be said to be carried out, too, on a larger scale and in a practical way, all these days in Rome. There is a large institution here called *La Santissima Trinita dei Pellegrini*, where, during Holy Week, thousands of poor pilgrims, who have come on foot, and reach Rome weary and foot-sore, are received, and supplied with two meals a day, and beds for three days and nights. There is one department for the men, and another for the women and children. Each evening, after the conclusion of the services in the churches, they return to the institution. Cardinals, Bishops, priests, and laymen in numbers, nobles and private individuals are there, and wash their feet (thoroughly) and wait on them at the table. In the female department princesses, duchesses, and ladies of every degree and station, titled and untitled, are there to perform the same offices for the women and children. All these ladies belong to several charitable confraternities and associations in the city; and by one of their rules no one of them is allowed the privilege of uniting in this work in Holy Week unless she has, during the past year, paid at least a stated number of charitable visits to the prisons and hospitals. We do not know whether the men have the same admirable rule.

After the washing of the feet in St. Peter's, the Pope retired, and the pilgrims followed. The services in the church itself were over. But there was something else, which as many as could wished to see. The Pope was to serve the pilgrims at table. In the large hall mentioned above as being situated over the vestibule of the church, and from which the Pope went out to the loggia to give his blessing, a long table had been prepared and decorated. Soon the pilgrims entered and stood at their places; and the hall was filled with thousands of spectators. The Pontiff came in, attended by three or four Cardinals, his own attendants, and a number of bishops. He said the grace, and a monsignore read a portion of the Scriptures, and then continued to read a book of sermons. Meanwhile, the Pope was passing to and fro, from one end of the table to the other, helping each one to soup, to fish, and to wine; and finally, giving them his special blessing, he retired.

A QUAINT OLD SHEET.

Ben Franklin's Early Newspaper.

A very old newspaper is in possession of Dr. J. H. Besse, of Delaware, O. It is a copy of the *New England Courant*, and bears date "From Monday, Feb. 4, to Monday, Feb. 11, 1723." The paper is therefore over 147 years old. It is printed on coarse material, very much resembling in texture and appearance that on which Confederate newspapers were printed in the stress of war time. The type is of the real antique style, and looks odd enough to the eye familiar with the modern clear-cut Roman. But that which gives most interest to this strange relic of the past, say a Delaware paper, is the fact stated in the following imprint: "Printed and sold by Benjamin Franklin, in Queen street, where advertisements are taken in. Franklin was born in 1706. He was, therefore, at the time of the publication of this sheet, 17 years of age. In course of a short introductory article the editor says: "The main design of this weekly paper will be to entertain the town with the most comical and diverting incidents of human life, which, in so large a place as Boston, will not fail of a universal exemplification. Nor shall we be wanting to fill up these papers with a grateful interspersion of more serious morals, which may be drawn from the most ludicrous and odd parts of life." The advertisements are curious. Here is a specimen:

"A Servant Boy's time for 4 years to be disposed of. He is about 16 years of Age, and can keep accounts. Enquire at the Blue Ball in Union street and know further."

The editor makes the following gratifying announcement:

"This Paper having met with so general Acceptance in Town and Country as to require a far greater Number of them to be printed than there is of other public papers; and it being besides more generally read by a vast number of Borrowers, who do not take it in, the Publisher thinks proper to give this public Notice for the Incouragement of those who would have Advertisements inserted in the public Prints, which they may have printed in this Paper at a moderate Price."

Too Late for Explanation.

Lord Mark Kerr, who distinguished himself at the battle of Fontenoy, was a good but eccentric officer, and a terrible duellist. His *debut* was remarkable. He was a lad of slight, effeminate appearance, apparently void of spirit. His father, the Marquis of Lothian, when he brought him to London to join his regiment—the Coldstream Guards—requested the Colonel, who was his particular friend, to watch over him, and see that he submitted to no improper liberties, and to instruct him in the way he should go, in case he had the misfortune to be insulted.

Those were the days of hard drinking, "prodigious swearing," and brutal manners. This pacific young scion of nobility soon became a butt at mess, a stop-peg to hang practical jokes on, until at last a Captain of a year's standing threw a glass of wine in his face. He still said nothing, but wiped his face with his handkerchief, and took no further notice of the insult he had received.

The Colonel thought it was high time to interfere, and invited him to breakfast, *tete-a-tete*, on the following morning at 9 o'clock. Lord Mark arrived punctually, ate his breakfast with perfect composure, and spoke but little. At length the commanding officer broke ground.

"Lord Mark," said he, "I must speak to you on rather a delicate subject, but, as your father's friend, I am compelled to waive ceremony. Captain L——, yesterday morning, publicly passed an affront on you, which both your honor and the credit of the regiment require you to notice."

"What do you think, sir, I ought to do?" inquired Lord Mark.

"Call on him for an explanation," rejoined the Colonel.

"It is, I fear, too late for that," replied the young Ensign. "I shot him at eight this morning, and if you take the trouble to look out of the front window, you will see him on a shutter."

HON. P. L. SLIDER, M. C.

From the Nation.

We give him full credit for well-intentioned ambition, persistent energy, and respectable capacity. The questions which afflict us with doubts are: What sufficient reason was there for sending him to Congress? and, What good has he done there? Like some other distinguished, and a vastly greater number of undistinguished, persons, he passed his early years in poverty; and, but for a laudable hankering after knowledge and a singular perseverance in striving to acquire it, he would have passed them in ignorance. So much has been said concerning this part of the Hon. Publius Slider's career, that we feel driven to strew a little of our own diction upon it.

It is not positive what species of light was shed upon his lonely childish studies. Some of his eulogists have contended for pine-knots; it is quite certain that he had no gas nor kerosene; let us compromise on tallow-dips. The point is important; witness the enthusiasm of Lincoln Republicans for lightwood; witness the moral glow which old Democrats find in coals of hickory. But Mr. Slider himself, never having claimed the halo of ignited turpentine in the natural stick, we will not insist for him upon that flaring distinction. One thing is sure: he was second clerk in a country grocery store; calumny cannot rob him of that title to the people's confidence. A further demonstration of his early promise exists in the fact that he slept on the counter, with no extra covering in cold weather but a horse-blanket. What would not his standard bearers have given for that square of scarlet woollen during the late elections? Carried at the head of a procession, it would have doubled his majority. A man who, at the age of 12, slept under a horse-blanket, must surely be capable, at 48, of presiding over the Finance Committee, and giving sage counsel as to our foreign relations, however many proofs he may have furnished to the contrary. No one would question this inference except those equally cunning and imbecile miscreants, unquestionably Copperheads at heart, who, in 1868, asserted that the fact that Andrew Johnson had been taught to read by his wife, did not entitle him to "every office within the gift of the American people." Draped in his horse-blanket, and illuminated by his tallow-dip, young Slider studied English grammar and practiced "writing compositions." There is no doubt that he possessed linguistic and other feelings which would have made him an excellent schoolmaster; for, amid the intellectual leanness of an average country town, he collected a small library of foreign books, and, as rumor phrases it, "mastered various languages." Indeed, his fame as a polyglot scholar is high, except among the people who speak the tongues which he is reputed to know. Barring the succulence derivable from these tales of romantic research, the record of Mr. Slider's earlier manhood is as dry as sawdust can make it. Quitting his clerkship, he became a journeyman carpenter, then a master carpenter, then a builder. Here—at a point which we now see to have been critical—his business promotion was checked by his good angel, in the guise of the Know Nothing agitation. Had he once called himself an architect, he would have remained in merited oblivion; but being still a carpenter, still a worker with his hands, he was fit to represent the masses; that is, he was capable of guiding the nation in morals and finance, in peace and war.

We must not forget another petard which helped to hoist him. He had acquired a vehement knack at public speaking, unless, indeed, the faculty must be classed among his intuitions. This gift prospered. At first he was described as a "tonguey man;" then as "that promising stump orator, the Skokorra carpenter;" then as "that truly eloquent champion of the right, Mr. Publius Lyman Slider." For the matter of his "efforts" he drew upon the newspapers, which up to that time had been his only political reading. For the manner, he formed himself upon collections of Irish oratory and reminiscences of once notorious Whig and Locofoco stumpers. Matter and manner suited his auditors; they had read the first, and knew it was sound; they could hear the last, and it made them "holler."

A carpenter, who could spout a college man out of sight, and who had in his youth slept under the reddest of horse-blankets, must, of course, be sent to Congress, or monarchists might repeat their sneer about the ingratitude of republics. Notwithstanding the murmurs of a few old fogies, who deemed that some knowledge of tariffs and international law was necessary to a legislator, Mr. Slider received a regular nomination and triumphantly led his ticket into the House of Representatives. What might well confound and alarm the despots of Europe is that the republic survived the shock. What is more, the miracle continues; Mr. Slider is still there, and we still exist. He entered public life with three guiding ideas: first, to stand by his party; second, to do something for workingmen; third, to advance his own interests. Not another notion, not a theory with regard to trade or finance, not a trustworthy hypothesis as to the difference between a National Bank and a Sub-Treasury, not a suspicion that there could be such things as natural laws of commerce and exchange, trammelled the infantile grace and simplicity of this aboriginal statesman. To see him lying down in the Capitol among these python-ian questions reminds one of the cradled Hercules among the serpents, although we are obliged to admit that the parallel is more flattering to our countryman than to the demigod. This concession, however, is not made by the admirers of "the learned carpenter," who assert that, if he could have had his way, he would have strangled his serpents as well as another; from which we may infer that trade, finance, etc., were lucky in coming off as well as they did. It may be added that no radical change has taken place in Mr. Slider's view, except that his third guiding idea (to look out for himself) has become his first. Even his enemies must concede that, although like necessity he knows no law, he still puts an unwavering trust in statutes of Congress, at least in regard to their action upon other people. He maintains that the Legal Tender act makes a seventy-cent greenback worth one hundred cents, while at the same time he votes to increase his own salary on the ground of a depreciated currency. He holds that a bill fixing eight hours as a day's work will cause eight hours to pass for ten hours with capitalists and employers, providing it is not a question of sawing at his own woodpile. It has not yet occurred to him to propose a law to the effect that forty minutes shall constitute an hour, and twenty days a month. When he comes to this, what alterations will be required in the calendar, not to mention confusions in the national industry! Perhaps we should have had fewer measures from him had he known that his discoveries, in truth, are the exploded bubbles of a hoary antiquity. A study into the decline of the Turkish piastre from a dollar to five cents, might have taught him that legal-tender firmans cannot make a nominal value pass for a real one. Familiarity with the history of French assignats and of our Continental currency might have led him to suspect that a redundancy of paper-money naturally converts coin from a circulating medium into a commodity, and so renders it as much an object of speculation as any other merchandise. We should have been spared a statute or two against the buying of gold for what it was worth. We should have missed other financial intuitions, and managed our affairs none the worse for it. No fancying what sort of code we might now be under had Mr. Slider been able to carry out all his successive views. Following his more and more enlightened guidance, we might have passed through a varied course of legislation, ranging from the barbarous to the semi-civilized. For the growth of the individual seems to resemble that of society; and the "learned carpenter" was marvelously conducted through the political dogmas of many ages, beginning with the wisdom of naked cannibals and coming down to the ideas current under the Tudors. For instance, he founded his defence of certain prohibitory duties on the sumptuary laws and customs exactions of Henry the Seventh. In short, he has been progressive, and will some day reach the nineteenth century, providing his life is spared another hundred or so of years.

Fortunately, Congress has many intuitive statesmen, and their vagaries have a blessed tendency to neutralize each other. Thus, the self-taught Slider, cherishing the welfare of carpenters, proposes a diminution of duties on Canadian lumber; whereupon the self-taught jumper, devoted to his Penobscot raftbuilders, urges that said duties be increased; the happy result being an unruffled tranquillity in the tariff. It is the realization of the dream of a phalansterian philosopher, who held that, if a hundred babies were put in one nursery, they would squall each other into silence. There has been one remarkable movement in Mr. Slider's mind. By the end of his first term he appears to have been attacked by a suspicion that some knowledge of the past would not injuriously adulterate his intuitions. He decided to begin at the beginning; mounted upon Rollin, or some similarly tried steed, he rode back to the dawn of history, and, as might be expected, he presently fell in with the Greeks and Romans. A studious, persevering man, capable of much misdirected effort, he soon gave a new character to his oratory. It became less like the editorials of a partisan country paper, and more like the turgid passages of the authoress of "Beulah." It shone with the lore and the poesy which can be gleaned from the Congressional Library. He rarely mentioned Washington without making it clear that he had read of Camillus and Fabius Maximus. Debating a bygone tariff, he exhumed the fact that "the mariners of Tyre traded for tin with the tattooed savages of Albion." Denouncing the invasion of Kansas by Missourians, he tore an entire branch from the tree of classic eloquence, and described that much-suffering Territory as "deflowered." Eulogizing the memory of "murdered Lovejoy," and "martyred John Brown," he parodied the outburst of Demosthenes concerning the dead of Salamis and Marathon. "By those who fell on Bunker Hill and those who conquered at Saratoga!" cried the deeply affected orator. Such like, thus far, has been the fruit of his researches. It is, nevertheless, a pity that he was only heard of Bastiat, and that he is unfamiliar with Mill's "Political Economy." Some friend should have informed him that these similar authors would not be less useful to him in the Ways and Means Committee than Plutarch & Smith's Classical Dictionary. For lack of such an adviser, Mr. Slider has continued to plaster the maxims of a patrician and martial antiquity over the needs of a democratic and commercial present, soldering up the chinks in his logic with such tinsel as may be scraped from antique rhetoric. Result: glory, rather than power. Mr. Slider carries no more measures than before; but he became noted among his brother Legislators as a "pundit." If he could not prevent the purchase of Alaska, he could show two Globe columns of extracts from hitherto unknown travellers, to the effect that said Territory produces trees and does not produce cereals. If he could not confiscate half the Southern States, he could bring to light the fact that Brutus put his own sons to death. Nothing found a chance to happen in our politics, but he produced a parallel case from the "archives of history." Supported by Plutarch and flanked by Merivale and Grote, he ransacked Latin and Hellenic lands as Alaric and Attila ravaged Latin and Hellenic lands. In standard editorial phrase, he exhausted antiquity.

We must not forget his style. He has a fine ear, of extraordinary length, for the music of periods. A friend of his, well known as "a scholarly man," assures us that some of Slider's sentences sound exactly as if they were translated from [illegible]

statuesque; at two points [illegible] is made and it is cold. The resemblance [illegible] fails when we come to the classic character of simplicity. Mr. Slider is ornate; you could not fairly demand so much more metaphor from a carpenter; you would be tempted at first hearing to set him down for a college man; you would add that he must have graduated a sophomore. Now and then our representative is surprised that he makes so little sensation. He observes the dusts of fame which follow the party war-horses, and resolves to outprance them on their own prairies. We listen; we rush for shelter; at last the stampede passes. We hear of a proposition to imprison a Dutchman in America every time that a Dutchman, who has crossed the Atlantic twice, is conscripted in Germany. We hear of this on Monday, and on Tuesday we have ceased to hear of it. Perhaps it is Mr. Slider's culture which disables him from outprancing and outsnorting the war-horses; if so, we wish that the same harness, tag, and tinsel as it is, might be buckled upon those hitherto unbroken and terrifying stallions. Incited by his familiarity with the most martial nations of ancient times, our hero threw himself personally into the late war, volunteering as a Major General. His fortune reminds us of Terentius Varro; he was soundly beaten, and returned home in safety. Moreover, he did not despair of the Republic, believing probably that, if it could withstand intuitive statesmanship, it would not be ruined by intuitive generalship. The main difference between the Roman and the American lies in the fact that no admiring Senate went out to greet the latter. The responsibility of this oversight must not be laid upon General Slider, who would have been charmed to receive and address the conscript fathers.

The intuitive statesman has had his assailants. Did they attack him because he blundered in finance, because he wanted to risk foreign complications for the sake of the Fenian vote, because he exposed his stark ignorance of international law in handling the Cuban question? No; the lecturers and editors who caught him on the hip cared naught for these things; they were accustomed to act from a moral standpoint; they blackened his private character. He was charged with getting half-seas over at a picnic; and the Thoughtful Teetotaller was exhorted to make an example of him. How did he meet this adroit political thrust? By proving that he had supported the Fifteenth Amendment, and that his brother's barn had been burned by the Ku-Klux. Yet the Hon. Publius L. Slider is not to be entirely despised. We admit, with a doubtful flicker of gratitude, that he is a phenomenon of growing culture. In a republic of savages, and perhaps in a republic of backwoodsmen, he would be impossible. He may be said to hold the same position in our political life that the *Tom-Tom* does in our literary life. He paves the way for something better. Nevertheless, we cannot exhort the pupils of our common schools to take him for a model. He drives us to question the whole venerable theory of intuitions, and to suspect that the metaphysicians who found their systems on it build upon the sand. We broadly and stubbornly deny that immediate cognitions can produce statesmanship or anything else practically valuable. Our utmost concession is that a man may be an ass by intuition.

A Morning Subject.

Punch ever so long ago said that

Early to bed and early to rise
Is the way to be stupid and have red eyes.

A later writer observes that "He who would thrive must rise at five;" so says the proverb, though there is more rhyme than reason in it; for if

He who would thrive must rise at five,
it must follow naturally,
He who'd thrive more must rise at four;
and it will insure a consequence that,
He who'd still more thriving be
Must leave his bed at turn of three;
And who this later would out-do,
Will rouse him at the stroke of two,

And by way of climax to it all, it should be held good that

He who'd never be outdone,
Must ever rise as soon as one.

But the best illustration would be,

He who'd flourish best of all,
Should never go to bed at all.

ARAB POLITENESS.

From All the Year Round.

A polite people the Arabs—the politest, at least in fine phrases, among the nations of the earth; for about three or four thousand years or so they have gone on twisting anew their guttural language into all varieties of complimentary and stately forms of speech, into all kinds of sugared expressions for benediction, for flattery, and for solicitation, till the quantity of small coin which they possess in way of compliment is unparalleled in any other tongue.

Those who have spent much time among the Arabs can recite a hundred ways of giving benediction, from the "Allah increase thy substance," down to the lower form of "May thy stomach never know hunger." It is true, indeed, that these forms of benediction are generally used to precede a request; for the crafty Arab is a great solicitor, and well knows how to flatter and cajole the possible benefactor. "To him who is mounted on an ass," says an Arab proverb, say, "O my Lord, may thy horse fare well," and "kiss the dog on the mouth," enjoins another, "till you have got all from him that you require." To comprehend the pleasant irony of which latter saying we must remember that the dog is an unclean beast for an Arab, and that he cannot even touch him without incurring the necessity of ablution before his next prayer, out of the five daily prayers which the Mohammedan calls upon him to perform.

Nevertheless, prodigal as the Arab may be of fine phrases, such as, "May Allah give thee a thousand-and-one camels," before you grant him what he wants, you must not be altogether unprepared to hear him say, "I should meet you in after time, and have no need of you. My horse may know you, but I don't."

However, such cases, it is said, are not common, although, as a rule, the Arab thinks himself little bound by any obligation to an infidel.

One of the most noticeable characteristics of Arab manners is that politeness is not mainly confined, as with us, to certain classes, but that its most refined rules are known equally to all, to rich and to poor, to noble and to peasant, from the borders of the Mesopotamia to the Atlantic.

As M. Renan has observed, there are no men in the world among which there is so little difference in mental culture and in dignity of bearing as the Arab. The lowest Arab, when he approaches the Sultan, the Pasha, or the Sheik, in the form of a suppliant, looks his superior straight in the face, and is not ashamed. "Allah," he says, "regards with the same eyes the cedar and the hyssop," and Allah is the unseen witness whom every Arab considers, or ought to consider, as present at every action of his life. Whether he eats, drinks, sleeps, or goes on a journey, he mentally refers everything to Allah; Allah, in fact, is the real fountain of good manners and all the rules of Arab politeness.

Arab good manners, then, require that a man shall be decently dressed, and pious in every action of his life. He must, to begin with, be careful in all the ablutions prescribed by his religion; he must have his head shaved once a week, keep his beard, not cut, but carefully trimmed, and that to a point; he must keep, also, his upper moustaches clipped to the level of his upper lip, except at the corners, so that he may not soil his dress in eating; and he must not omit to keep his nails in good order, never filing them, but paring them carefully; and even the parings are not to be thrown carelessly away, but they must be thrown into the fire, or buried in the earth, for the nails are, in fact, sacred, according to Arab superstition.

When you speak of the weather, you will take care not to say, dogmatically, "The weather will be fine or bad to-morrow;" you, poor finite mortal, should not have the insolence to predict anything absolutely about the weather. God alone can do that. All you can say is, "It will be fine to-morrow, Inshallah"—if it please God; and you must not even say, "To-morrow I will go to market" without the Inshallah. The Arabs affirm that the lion one day took to counting over the animals who were at his mercy. "Inshallah," he said, "I can carry off a horse without hurting me. Inshallah, I can carry off a heifer, and gallop no whit the less fast." But when he came to the sheep, he disdained to use the Inshallah; therefore, so at least report the Arabs, the lion is not able to carry off the sheep (the fact being, it is said, that the lion does not like to feel the wool of the sheep in his mouth). Every exclamation of surprise or wonder must be accompanied by the expression, "Glory be to God." "Sebahan Allah." And no decent Arab will undertake an expedition, go on a hunting party, or begin any serious affair whatever without saying first Bismillah!

If you speak of any respectable person no longer living, be sure whenever you mention his name to say, "May God be merciful to me," "Allah inhhamon." Similarly, likewise, if inquiries are made of you about any person who has died unknown to your interrogator, do not by any means say, in a coarse way, "Abdallah ben So-and-so is dead," but "May Allah be merciful to him." Your companion will understand you. You must avoid, moreover, to speak of death at all if you can help it, except of death by battle in the holy war. The word is not a pleasant one. Moreover, never ask an Arab his age; he does not like to think on the subject, and generally takes care to forget all about the date of his birth; his beard he says, will have the pepper-and-salt color quite soon enough, and give him unpleasant suggestions. Never, moreover, under an Arab tent admire a horse, a child, or anything whatever that may be his or here, without saying, "May the blessing of Allah be on it," or "May it be blessed with the prolongation of thy life and the protection of Allah." Should you act otherwise, you will be considered an ill-bred fellow, or an envious one, perhaps, who designed, by giving a cast of the evil eye on the object of your admiration, to bring trouble into the family.

When an Arab is in company says he has seen a dream, all well-bred men present cry out at once "El kher Inshallah," "The good of it please Allah;" that is, may it be of good omen.

Should you condole with a person who had a misfortune, say, "Inshallah, thou shalt now forever know no evil;" that is, thou hast paid thy debt to misfortune.

When you meet a friend coming out of the bath, say, "May thy bath be to thee like a bath of the water of Zemzem," the holy well of Mecca. And he, if he be a well-bred fellow, will reply "Inshallah, thou shalt be present."

When you have gone to the barber to have your head shaved, and the operation is finished, the barber says, "With health, the shaving;" that is, may your shaving do you good. You reply, "The blessing of Allah upon you."

Should you pass a laborer, or inspect a man's work, say, "May God give thee strength," or something like it. The reply will come pat, "May Allah be merciful to the authors of your days."

If you pass before people sitting at meals, say, "May Allah make thee satisfied," and, when one sneezes before you, say, "May Allah preserve thee," which form of expression is indeed common to most countries; "*Dieu vous benisse.*"

Should a man come into your [illegible]

The Remnant of the Oyster.

From Punchinello.

In the moonlight of Cattawampus
We sat by the surging sea.
"And how I long for an oyster,"
Said Felicia Fitz-Snyder to me.

Then I said: "Would were mine the power,
Deep, deep, to the deepmost sea,
I would fly on the wings of an oyster
To gather a pearl for thee.

"Where the oysters are roystering together
In the caves and grots where they lie,
And the clams with a musical clamor
Rejoice when the water is high.

"O, there would my spirit conduct thee
Till, as waves began to swell,
Thou shouldst rise o'er the crest of the billows,
Like a Venus upon the half-shell!"

'Twas enough; for I saw her eye stir,
And upon like an oyster wide,
As an accent lyrical she whispered,
"No, Feliz—I'd like 'em fried!"

Did she take me, alas! for a friar,
Or a man of a soul austere,
That pearl of my heart's Chincoteague?
Oh, no, she had nothing to fear.

Then we reached the hotel together,
And partook of two plates of fry,
And I marvelled to think that an oyster
Had hoisted her spirits so high.

A CURIOUS TRIBE.

The Moquis Indians of the Colorado—The Only Non-Nomadic Tribe.

From the Central City Register.

The Moquis Indians are interesting as an exhibit of the degree of civilization attainable by savage tribes under compulsion. Originally a numerous people, occupying both sides of the Colorado River—other Indian tribes conquered and decimated them, till, in self-defence, the remnant—about 3,000 strong—located in six villages, capable, from their position, of easy defence. Their traditions place the camping grounds of their ancestors along the southwest coast of the United States and Mexico, so that possibly their progenitors may have been akin to the Aztecs and others of that date, who exhibited a greater capacity for civilization than any Indians of the present day. Their religion cannot be called strictly idolatrous, since the images they have are merely symbolical. Their deity is called "Tow-wan-e-na," or Sun Father, and now resides in the heavens, thence dispensing unto His faithful and well beloved the blessing of life, rain, and faithful seasons, and punishing all others by visiting upon them his anger. Their sacred temple is also the chief workshop of the village, and contains a rude stone symbol of their deity. The figure is surrounded with costly beads, feathers, and sacred shells—relics of their forefathers. In front of it are wooden figures of all kinds of domestic fowls, painted and adorned to imitate nature. Corn and water are placed before the fowls, and at their side are hung the skins of wild beasts, that of the fox, as more sacred than others, predominating. In their ceremonial worship men form in rows in front of their image, and, Shaker like, speak and sing praises, accompanied by the music of rude instruments. The women join with the men in only one religious ceremony. In the centre of the village is a public square, within which is a stone altar, where sacrifices of food are laid on holy days. Around this altar the men dance in rotation, and, during the ceremony, the old men and women of the village sprinkle pinches of holy meal on the backs of the dancers, and then scatter a little to the four winds of heaven. Astronomically, they believe that the sun shines for them alone, and rises by the little Spanish town of Planes, and sets by going into a hole near New-at-ki-be, the San Francisco Mountain of the whites. They are good and careful agriculturists, produce large quantities of fine peaches, and raise domestic animals of all kinds. They also grow cotton, with it and wool manufacturing their own clothing, which is of a very serviceable quality.

In public work of any kind all the able-bodied men and women join, and are directed by two "co-che-nas"—men dressed like clowns and in complete disguise, who carry whips and lassos, using them upon loiterers and delinquents with terrible severity. Their buildings are of stone, laid in a kind of clay mortar, and having no doors, but are entered by ascending ladders to the roofs and then descending within. A witness describes their marriage ceremonies as follows:

"In the morning the interested parties breakfasted in the workshop to which the bridegroom belonged, after which the manufacture of a new pair of blankets was commenced, out of the purest white material obtainable. The parties ate their dinners in the second, and then supper in the third story, of the bride's father's house. The pair of blankets were not completed until the second day. During this time the bridegroom and bride were put into a private room, where they were required to bathe each other in pure cold water, as a witness that they were pure, healthy, and fitted for the cares and responsibilities of the married state. The happy couple occupy the new blankets on the second night."

Their amusements are principally confined to foot racing. The race course is a foot trail some ten or twelve miles in circuit. Another feature is the competitive kicking of a piece of cement and hair up certain steep and crooked steps. One of their instruments of warfare, by a singular coincidence, is almost identical with the "boomerang" used by the natives of Oceanica. With this missile strong men can break the skull of a man or the leg of an antelope at the distance of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards. When a person is given up to die, his under jaw the neck of his hands and the upper part of the feet are colored black, and the friends begin to mourn as though death were already present. A corpse is dressed like the living, a blanket wrapped round the head and shoulders and a string tied round the neck. A grave is dug several feet deep and walled within with stone, into which the body is placed in a sitting posture. A pole long enough to extend two feet above the ground is placed between the legs, and around it the arms are folded. Wrapped up in the bosom of the dead is a loaf of bread and a bowl of water. The grave is securely covered with earth and the surface around the pole ornamented with pebbles. They believe that the spirit of a good person first goes to the Sun Father, and then travels down the pole on its homeward way to the body. These Indians are regarded as friendly, and are entirely self-supporting. They no longer live a nomadic life, but, like the patriarchs of old, have settled down in the midst of their flocks and herds. Several of Brigham Young's followers have visited them, aiming to impart a higher degree of (Mormon) civilization.

Origin of the Doctrine of Papal Infallibility.

The general councils—that is, like the council now sitting in Rome—were summoned by the Emperor himself. The fathers assembled and the Emperor was [illegible]

[illegible] were to be received as the utterances and commands of God himself. This idea of infallibility was carried to its extreme point upon more than one occasion, the Pope himself being made not only subject to the council, but in one memorable instance, that of John XXIII., actually deposed by it. The Popes were, of course, at all times anxious to be saved from such friends, and were ever on the watch to play them some evil turn which should reduce them to the position in which the fathers of the present council stand to the Pope—a position of dependence and utter subjection. The councils, however, were equally on the alert to countermine any such attempts; and when Pope Eugenius IV., in 1431, tried to assume control over the Council of Basle, and the right to dissolve it, the members took the sharpest of means with him, and anticipated his bull by a decree, in which they affirmed, that the representatives of the Church militant on earth were invested with a divine and spiritual jurisdiction over all Christians, without excepting the Pope; and that a general council could not be dissolved, prorogued, or transferred, except on its own free deliberation and consent.—*Historic Sketches in Cassel's New Popular Educator.*

LITERATURE.

The German critics are reported as severe upon "Lothair."

—[illegible] receives an annual copyright of four hundred and fifty pounds from his German publishers, and about half that sum from his French publishers.

—At length there is a ladies' newspaper in India,—the *Bunga Mohila*, or *Woman of Bengal*, published at Calcutta, in Bengali, and edited by a Hindoo lady.

—Hans Christian Andersen, the story-teller of Copenhagen, a few days previous to the death of Charles Dickens, had received and accepted an invitation from the latter to pass a few weeks next autumn at Gadshill.

—Mr. Leland (Hans Breitmann) has arrived in London. He is writing an addition to his ballads, in which Hans Breitmann is represented as making the European Tour, as Americans and people who have made money in America are fond of doing.

—A remarkable suit has just been tried in Boston. Thomas B. Talbot, newspaper and magazine publishers, were sued in the Supreme Court to recover pay for prose and poetical manuscripts which they received from Charles Dickinson, and which they declined to publish. After keeping the manuscripts a few weeks for stamps to be sent for their return, they destroyed them. The court decided that the manuscripts were the property of the author until the publishers paid for them, and that, in neglecting to return them to the author, they became liable for their value. The jury returned a verdict in favor of the author for $50, which the publishers paid, with the costs of the court.

—It would seem that the profession of a poet nowadays is not such a bad one—at least if we may judge by the following balance-sheet, which M. Victor Hugo, with that charming modesty and reluctance to obtrude himself before the public which distinguishes his character, has recently published in a French paper. "I am possessed," writes the author of the "Legende des Siecles"—

	Yearly.
In Belgium, of 800 shares in the National Bank, producing about	£1,380
In England, £17,000 of Consols, producing annually	500
In France, from the Institute	40
In Guernsey, Hauteville House	40
Total	£1,960

—M. Hugo adds that his property in his works is disposed of for some years to come, and that, owing to family arrangements, he pays over to his children some $7,000 a year, living himself on an income of $2,500. To this should probably be added the fluctuating income arising from the performance of his dramas in the different theatres of France and Belgium.

—The Louisville *Courier* is of opinion that George Eliot is the legitimate successor of Charles Dickens. It says: "The popular notion about the excellence and brilliancy of the style of George Eliot's novels is, that it is simply the excellence of a painter like Teniers. People talk of Silas Marner as if there were nothing in it except Nancy Lammeter and the famous meeting in the parlor of the inn; of the Mill on the Floss, as if it were only a rural chronicle of Gleigs and Dodsons and Pullets; of Adam Bede, as if it contained no more than a photographic reproduction of the life of midland dairies and farm-houses and apple-orchards. But besides these wonderful pictures there is a vast well of poetry, philosophy and human nature; of wit and pathos; of dramatic fire and action, which remind us of the old masters. George Eliot is the successor of Charles Dickens. A woman stands to-day at the head of English fictitious literature, the peer of Tennyson and Mill, and greater than all others."

—Mr. Welford writes to the *Book-Buyer*, of Mr. Wm. Morris' new volume: "The Story of the Volsunga and Niblungs is now first translated from the Icelandic Saga. The story, it is well-known, is almost identical with that of the 'Nibelungen Lied,' and there is no more difficult question to settle in the genealogy of romance than the comparative antiquity of the Icelandic and German recensions of this tale. In the Icelandic, however, we have, besides the Volsunga Saga—preserved in the Edda,—some of the original mythical ballads that supplied material for the more detailed work of the Saga man at a later period; these are certainly older than any remains of Teutonic literature. Translations of these are included in Mr. Morris' volume, in unrhymed metrical verse so near to the original that scarcely the position of a word needs changing. They give the earliest form of the great epic story most deeply embedded in the mind of the men of northern race, whatever its origin may have been."

—Just as you enter Dickens' late residence, in a neat frame, written and illuminated by Owen Jones, is the following: "This house, Gad's Hill Place, stands on the summit of Shakspeare's Gad's Hill, ever memorable for its association, in noble fancy, with Sir John Falstaff. 'But, my lads, to-morrow by 4 o'clock, early at Gad's Hill. There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I have visors for you all; you have horses for yourselves.'"

—In the first instance, when Chapman & Hall were the publishers of Dickens, they declined, just after the publication of "Martin Chuzzlewit," to advance him the sum of £1,000, which he wanted for his journey to Italy. The result was that Dickens applied to and obtained the money of Bradbury & Evans, the well-known publishers of *Punch*, to whom he at once transferred his business. Subsequently he had a difficulty with that firm, growing out of some matters connected with his separation from Mrs. Dickens, and went back to Chapman & Hall, who remained his publishers to the time of his death. By declining to make that small advance of £1,000,—small for a man like Dickens,—Chapman & Hall must have lost at least £50,000. The fact is, that "Martin Chuzzlewit" didn't sell so well as the previous works of Dickens, and they began to lose their confidence in him. Moreover, the great *Times* had just published an elaborate comparison between Dickens and Thackeray, in which the palm was given to Thackeray. Chapman & Hall looked upon this as little short of a *coup de grace* for Dickens, and concluded they didn't want much more stock in him. To be sure, the distinguished author had made two or three fortunes for them, but what of that? Such is life.

ART.

The Countess of Flanders, sister-in-law of the King of Belgium, is now employed in illustrating De Maistre's "Voyage Autour de ma Chambre."

—St. Petersburg has an historical portrait gallery which includes eight hundred portraits, of which 36 are of Catharine II. and 23 of Peter I.—sovereigns who are both honored with the epithet of "Great." One of the most remarkable is said to be that of the Scotch soldier of fortune, Bruce, Knight of St. Andrew and a Russian Count; and all with the exception of sixteen or seventeen belong to the eighteenth century. The gallery is now, for the first time, thrown open to the study and appreciation of Russian artists and writers.

—An incident is related of Washington Allston, which all young artists would do well to heed. While in London, in his younger days, he sketched and finished a subject of great beauty, which, though free, to his own perceptions, from all immoral tendencies, might, by the evil-minded, be perverted to evil associations. Strange to say, this idea did not occur to him until he was sitting alone in his studio the evening after he had sent the picture to its purchaser; and no sooner did the thought strike him, than he wrote a note to the owner, stating his scruples, and begging its return. His desire was reluctantly granted, and he sent back the money he had received, and burnt the picture; and yet at this time Mr. Allston was very poor in the great city of London, and really needed the money.

—The painter Courbet has just refused an "order" from the King of Bavaria, who wanted him to touch up a moon and star in a blue chamber, where Wagner's patron is in the habit of going very often at midnight. It appears that this eccentric catgut-scraping sovereign often gets up at night, attires himself in silver armor, slings the horn of the Ritter Lohengrin across his shoulders, and goes into his gardens to feed the swans in a pond in the vicinity of the blue pavilion aforesaid; all this in imitation of the hero of his *Capel meister's* opera. The colors of the pavilion needed renewing, and as Courbet has refused in very discourteous terms, the great historical artist Yvon has been summoned and has accepted the "job"—just fit for an ordinary house-painter and glazier.

—Dore has just completed a new picture, "Christian Martyrs in the reign of Diocletian," in which, says the London *Daily News*, he shows us the scene at night in some vast amphitheatre like the Coliseum of Rome, after a day of horrors spent for the gratification of an inhuman Emperor and the people in the slaughter of men and women by wild beasts. All the human demons are gone from the circus, throne, and the grand tier of the noble patricians; they have given place to the savage lions that prowl over the heaps of victims covering the ground, some of whom appear to be still suffering, and one raises his head to look upon the cross at his side. But above this awful scene the heavens shine with stars, and an archangel descends with a glorious company of angels to bear off the spirits of the martyrs to the realms of eternal peace.

—The Sambon Collection of Coins and Medals was sold in London recently by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, at extraordinary prices. The following are among the more important specimens: As, with helmeted head of Pallas, £30, (Bunbury); Agrigentum, with two eagles holding a hare, £30, (Hoffman); Catanea, with laureate head of Apollo, £25, (Bunbury); Eryx, the Erycinian Venus seated to the left, £42 (Hoffman); Segesta, head to the right, £28 (Addington); Syracusan Medallion, £40 (Lake Price); another specimen, £47 (Addington); full-faced head of Arethusa between two fishes, £38 (Feuardent); Numitoria, with head of Rome, £23 (Addington); Servilia, with head of Liberty £15 15s (Addington); Brutus, with cap between daggers, £25 (same); Sextus Pompey, £32 (Feuardent); Vitellius (large brass), £48 10s (Addington); Hadrian, brass medallion, £32 (same); another of different [illegible]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

July 3—Third Sunday after Trinity (Epis.); fourth Sunday after Pentecost (R. C.). July 4—St. Leo (R. C.). July 5—St. Francis Caracciolo (R. C.). July 6—Octave of the Holy Apostles (R. C.). July 7—St. Norbert (R. C.). July 8—St. Elizabeth, widow (R. C.). July 9—St. John a St. Facundo (R. C.).

—Dickens was never formally connected with any religious sect, but his rule was to worship with the Unitarians. While living in London he attended one of their places of worship regularly, and had a family pew there.

—A [illegible] correspondent of the [illegible] Commonwealth describes the Boston sensation preacher, [illegible] as a rather tall, fine-looking man, with a moustache, and otherwise smooth face, young and energetic-looking. He is very much respected and liked, though he does wear a moustache, smoke cigars, drive a fast horse, and go fishing.

—It is said in Munich that the King of Bavaria, toward the middle of last year, seriously contemplated abdicating his crown, but that he changed his mind when he acquired the certainty that the Vatican and the Jesuits were intent upon forcing the infallibility dogma through the Œcumenical Council. He then told his confidants that he would never descend from the throne as long as there was a breath of life in him, but would fight the *Dunkelmaenner* of Rome with all his energy to the last of his life.

—According to a recent decision of the Supreme Court of New York, a portion of the estate of James B. Laing, bequeathed to the General Synod of the Reformed (Dutch) Church, in trust to constitute a fund, to be known as the "Laing Fund," for the education of pious and indigent young men at Rutgers College, has been contested, and declared invalid, on the ground that the words "pious and indigent young men" are too vague. So the property is to be divided according to the "Statute of Distributions."

—The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at its session in Chicago, 1868, not only adopted a strongly worded report on temperance, but recommended all the churches to preach on the subject on the fourth Sabbath of June of each year. In striking contrast to this action, the Southern Methodist General Conference, which recently met at Memphis, Tenn., regarded the temperance question as "outside issue," that didn't concern them, and refused to appoint a committee to consider the matter.

—The Rev. W. E. McLaren, in the *Interior* (Presbyterian), advocates the use of forms of common prayer in public worship, not in the style of the "Ritualists," but as a mode of audible worship, by which all the congregation may participate.

—A trial has just taken place at Calcutta involving the right of a Hindoo woman to choose her own religion. A young woman, whose friends belong to the Brahmo Somaj, forsook the tenets of her fathers and was baptized a Christian. Her relatives got a writ of *habeas corpus* and secured influential counsel, but the Judge decided against them and gave the woman her liberty. She at once, in open court, in the most unhesitating way, intimated that she would not return to her relatives. However, before judgment was recorded, she was again removed to a private room, in order that her mother might try again to shake her resolution. No Christian friend was permitted to enter. Presently wails and shrieks and howlings of grief reached us. After a painful interview the young woman was again called forth into the midst, evidently much agitated, and you may imagine the trying ordeal in a court crammed with spectators. She also had never been beyond the walls of the Zenana till within the last week. By God's grace she stood firm, and in a firm voice replied to the question where she decided to go, "To the Padre Sahibs." The excitement is immense among the natives. All Calcutta is in a ferment.

—The late Clarence Willard, of Troy, left an estate valued at about $75,000, of which he gave by his will $24,000 to religious and benevolent institutions in that city, including the Young Men's Association, the Presbyterian Church Home for Aged People, and the Orphan Asylum.

—Mr. Philo Parsons, of Detroit, has offered to give $1,000 to the Chicago Congregational Seminary, and $5,000 to Olivet College, provided his church will also contribute $10,000 to the same objects.

—There seems little doubt that the Oriental Catholic Church of the Armenians has entirely separated itself from the Papal Chair. The United Chaldeans are now said to intend to break off all connection with Rome, and the Copts are about to do the same. The Eastern Bishops approve of the course adopted by their Sees, and the approaching withdrawal of the Maronites, Syrians, and the Greek Melchites from communion with Rome is now announced. In this case the Pope will have entirely lost all his power in the East.

—The Franciscan monk Hotzl, of Munich, who some time ago wrote a defence of Dollinger, and was summoned to Rome by the General of his Order on commencement, was, we are assured, immediately after his arrival in the metropolis of infallibility, put in peace, that is, shut up in a cell, in one of the Franciscan convents. In this narrow prison the learned theologian, deprived of books, and exposed to the intense heat of a Roman summer, recreat *anima animum*.

—In Vienna, 680 persons, of both sexes, have abjured Christianity and embraced Judaism, within less than two years.

—On Sunday last, the Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, recently ordained as pastor of the New Haven Universalist Church, baptized eighteen children.

—The house and grounds in Memphis, Tenn., belonging to the heirs of the late Bishop Otey, have been purchased for an Episcopal residence, possession to be given in September.

—A Boston paper complains because its preachers are not as well paid as those of New York. The highest salary paid any one clergyman in Boston is $7,000, we believe, to the Rev. E. E. Hale; but $5,000 is the running price among the first-class ministers. More get $5,000 than $6,000. It pays to be an Episcopal or a Unitarian clergyman. The best Methodist preachers do not get over $3,000.

—The Roman Catholic Society for the Propagation of the Faith is the most extensive foreign missionary organization in existence. Its seat is at Lyons, France, and collections for its support are made throughout the world.

—In an editorial, three columns and a half long, the *Congregationalist* urges the claims of "Our Theological Seminaries." Not less than $1,000,000 will be required to put those institutions on three true foundations.

—A week ago last Sunday, Professor Mather, preaching at South Hadley, Mass., found his congregation so sleepy that he stopped short in his sermon, gave out the hymn, "My faith looks up to Thee," had them rise and sing it, and then resumed his sermon.

—Bishop Kip has been sued by the Presbyterians of Los Angeles, Cal., to recover $3,000 on account of a church they built, but now used by the Episcopalians.

—The probability that a uniform course of lessons for American Sunday Schools will be fixed upon at no distant day, seems to be growing stronger. The *Advance* says of it: "We are marching on in the right direction. For some time we have had hopes that the principal leading Sunday School publishers of serial lessons might see the way clear to unite on one series for 1871. Our hopes of this were strengthened by the direction which the discussion of the subject took at the Illinois Convention, and the announcement by Mr. Jacobs, representing the Chicago publishers, that they were ready to meet, to a liberal extent, the views of others who would, in like liberal spirit, combine with them."

—In the late Presbyterian General Assembly, Dr. Musgrave, from his ever present desire to secure harmony of action, gained the *sobriquet* of "Old Unanimous," and Dr. Wm. Adams, from his manifest desire to be generous to the Old School, that of "Old Magnanimous."

—The late Bishop Thompson, in an address a short time previous to his death, said that there are now 86 missionary societies, and 40,000 missionaries in the field; the word of God is preached in 15,000 localities in the heathen world; $5,000,000 are annually collected to sustain them; 687,000 converts are enrolled in Africa, and 713,000 in Asia.

—The *Intelligencer*, probably afflicted with quartette singing in some of the Reformed Churches, says: "Is there no way of stopping the murderous style of singing which executes some of our best hymns, or rather garrotes them in the following style: The ye-he-ho-he-hear of Jew Billy, of Jew Billy, of Jew-ew-ew-Billy-ey-ey, Je-ew-ew-Bille, he-he is come!"

—The opening of the south aisle of the Church of St. Nicholas, Great Yarmouth, England, which has been restored at an expense of £5,000, was lately celebrated by a festival service. This is said to be the largest parish church in England, and will seat 5,000 people.

—The *Congregationalist* says the Methodist Church in Duxbury, Mass., "is moving to become Congregational. Rev. J. W. Haley, the pastor, baptised two persons by immersion, June 5, and others are to come foward soon."

—The Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, are repairing their meeting-house at an expense of one hundred and thirty thousand dollars. What would they consider a moderate price for a new building?

—The deaconesses elected in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., did so good service that at the last annual meeting three more were chosen. They think one deaconess worth about two deacons. The Rev. S. B. Halliday is now serving that great church in pastoral visitation, which Mr. Beecher has been compelled so largely to neglect.

—The Presbyterians have thus mapped out an elaborate History of the Reunion: Rev. Samuel Miller, D. D., of Mount Holly, New Jersey, is to furnish the first chapter, on "The Church (O. S.) since 1837;" Rev. J. F. Stearns, D. D., of Newark, the second, on "The Church (N. S.) since 1837;" Rev. W. B. Sprague, D. D., of Albany, the third, "Biographical Sketches (O. S.);" Rev. Z. M. Humphrey, D. D., of Philadelphia, the fourth, "Biographical Sketches (N. S.);" Rev. William Adams, D. D., of New York, the fifth, "History of the Reunion Movement and of the Committees and their Work;" Rev. Drs. Jacobus and Fowler, the sixth, on "The Assemblies of 1869, at New York and Pittsburgh, and the 'Reunion';" Rev. G. Plumley, of Metuchin, N. J., the seventh, on "The Reconstruction," and Rev. John Hall, D. D., of New York, the eighth, on "The Future Church." The volume is to be fully illustrated, and the profits will be devoted to the Thank-Offering Fund.

—The Episcopal Bishop of New York has determined to call the Primary Meeting of the Federate Council authorized by Canon VIII of the last General Convention, a request to that effect having been joined in by the Bishops of Western New York, Long Island, Albany, and Central New York. He will issue the formal summons, in due time, to assemble probably in St. John's Chapel, New York, about the 26th of October. It is understood the Board of Missions will open its annual session on the Sunday evening preceding, and be in session on Monday and Tuesday after.

—Two highly respectable Irish priests, Rev. Messrs. Buckley and Haggerty, of Cork, have come to the United States to collect funds for a church at song-famed Shandon, in the vicinity of Cork city. One of those reverend gentlemen has the reputation of being one of the best preachers and most eloquent lecturers of the day in Ireland.

—The Board of Delegates of American Israelites have made arrangements with the Jewish Alliance at Paris [illegible]

wore a white cravat and a very benevolent face), and was refused admission.

—A number of the recent Episcopal Conventions have adopted a proviso requiring lay delegates to these bodies to be communicants of the Church.

—Bishops Smith, McIlvaine, and the late Bishop Hopkins, were all consecrated at the same time and place, and it was only the order of the formal imposition of hands that determined their relative seniority. In this way Hopkins stood first, Smith second, and McIlvaine third.

—At a baptismal service in St. Paul's Church, Marion, Ohio, on Whitsunday, the great grandfather of the child, all his children save one that died in infancy, all his grandchildren and all his great-grandchildren, were present. The great-grandfather, grandfather, father, baby and all, had the same name, James.

—A correspondent, in accounting for Rev. Mrs. Van Cott's power as a preacher, says that she is a woman, and many go from curiosity; and then she prays confidently, preaches like one expecting success, and, when she is through in the pulpit, goes into the congregation after sinners as though she expected them to yield and seek their Savior at once.

—There is a sect in North Carolina known as the "Free Salvation Baptist Association," having five churches, four preachers, and two hundred and sixty-eight members. They hold to feet-washing, shouting, and open communion.

—The *Church Journal* charges that Bishop McIlvaine lowered the ordinance of confirmation in his recent visitation to St. Paul's Church, Columbus, Ohio. The Bishop at the time took occasion to say that it was no sacrament, and the laying on of his hands did not thereby confer any grace. They must not look to him for anything beyond the outward act, accompanied by his prayer.

—In Huntsville, Alabama, there has been a Christian Union for the last two years, composed of ministers and people of the Methodist, Presbyterian, Cumberland Presbyterian, and Baptist Churches, on the basis of "Seven Gospel Truths"—the Trinity, human depravity, the atonement by the death of Christ, the new birth by the agency of the Holy Ghost, growth in grace by steadfast perseverance in well-doing, the resurrection of the body, and a general judgment. On these vital truths they unite, regarding all other things as non-essential. On this basis they think all Christians can unite, and all denominational distinctions disappear.

—The new religious sect in New Jersey, known as "Jehovah's Band" are increasing in their extravagances. Their exercises consist in shouting, screaming, whistling, wrestling, singing, jumping, falling to the floor and rolling over and over, until the whole congregation is worked up to a high state of excitement. The whole of Sunday is spent in these exercises, with short intermissions for refreshments. Several wealthy, well-to-do farmers, and substantial citizens have joined them.

—The venerable Dr. Wm. R. Williams, the oldest Baptist pastor in New York city, is said to be engaged in writing a history of the Baptist churches in this country, to be published by the Harpers.

—A correspondent of the *Observer* (Presbyterian) says, from recent personal intercourse with the so-called "Reformers" of Italy, that it is their earnest desire "to throw off the yoke of the Papacy," and to bring their church "back to apostolic simplicity and the truth of the Holy Scriptures."

—Judge Rockwell, of the Superior Court, at Boston, permitted twenty-two Catholic witnesses to take the oath by holding up the hand instead of kissing the book, which they regard as odious.

—The venerable C. G. Finney stated in the Congregational Conference that he knew the Beechers well. In his childhood Henry Ward's father spent his life in controversy, and it didn't amount to much; and the boys all got sick of it, and the girls, too, and they went to the opposite extreme. In this way he accounts for Henry Ward Beecher's apparent willingness to sympathize with those who hold unsound doctrinal views.

—At a baptizing in the Baptist Church in West Troy, New York, a stranger came forward and stated that the night before he had fallen through a hole in the ice, and narrowly escaped drowning, and was so impressed with the circumstances of his rescue that he was led to repentance, and desired to be admitted into the Church on the spot, by immersion, which was granted. The Baptists consider this conversion as analogous to the case of Philip and the eunuch.

—The English Baptist Union has voted to favor a new translation of the Bible by scholars of all denominations.

—A Minnesota preacher supplies nine churches, his circuit being 170 miles long. Last year his entire salary was $200.50.

—Monsignore Capel writes to the London *Times* as follows: "The contemplated return of the Marquis of Bute to the Anglican communion, which you have reported from the *John Bull*, appeared in the columns of a French journal as long ago as the middle of April. It was shown to Lord Bute. He deemed it unworthy of formal contradiction, and trusted that its best refutation would be that he had but a few days previously spoken publicly in favor of the Pontifical Zouaves, that he was about to send a large donation to the Pope, and that it was well known that he was a regular communicant in the church to which he had submitted after long and deep consideration. Your contemporary is pleased to ignore these facts, and spread a report which has not the smallest foundation. This is the more ungenerous, as it must know that Lord Bute is travelling in Spain, and cannot, therefore, promptly defend himself. Had the *John Bull* remembered the young Marquis was never a member of the Established Church, it might have protected itself from a 'reliable authority' who was leading it astray in announcing the return of Lord Bute to the Anglican communion."

—It has already been announced that the scheme for the completion of St. Paul's, London, commenced by the late Dean Milman, has lately been revived, and is now being prosecuted with considerable vigor. A very influential committee, consisting not only of some of the leading men in the city, but of persons high in Church and State, and distinguished for their knowledge and practice of art, has been appointed, and is now hard at work. A public meeting in furtherance of the scheme will be held at the Mansion House, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, on Wednesday, the 13th of July, when the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Winchester, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Gathorne Hardy, and others, have promised to speak.

A meeting of an extraordinary character is announced to be held in London. All who are "interested in the reunion of Christendom" are invited to attend, and they will be asked to affirm the following resolutions:

1. That, in view of the religious condition of mankind, of whom over two-thirds are still heathen, and of the grave scandal and difficulties caused by the unhappy divisions among Christians, this meeting desires to record its conviction of the paramount importance of the reunion of East and West toward the primary anciently recognized by both alike, as well for securing the integrity as for promoting the dissemination of the Christian faith.

2. That the only adequate remedy for the social and religious dangers of England, and the surest guarantee for the future of English Christianity, lies in her restoration to visible unity primarily with the Churches of the Western Patriarchate, and then with the Eastern churches also.

Lord Eliot will take the chair, and the speakers will include both Anglicans and Roman Catholics. Among the names announced are those of the Earl of Limerick, Mr. Lowder, Mr. George Nugee, and Mr. Oxenham.

"The Fat Contributor" on Water.

From the Cincinnati Times.

When hard pressed for a theme we sometimes take a scientific subject and treat on it. Some of our readers, we know, will turn away with disgust when they find we are going to treat on water, preferring to have us treat on something else, beer for instance; but if they don't like the treat we have invited them to, they needn't have it. There are those who could not write on water all by itself—they would require to have something stronger mixed with it—but we are resolved to put it through on the inferior element alone. We remember trying to write on water once, and failed miserably. We were out on Lake Erie in a gale, and sea sick. We were returning from an excursion and had a good deal to write up. Took something to help us right up before we wrote up, but it came *right* up.

Three-fourths of the face of the globe is covered with water perpetually. What a boon for a large proportion of the earth's inhabitants whose faces water never touches. During a great flood, which occurred further back than any of us can remember, the entire globe was covered with water for some time. The water has not wholly retired in many places to this day. It furnished great impetus to shipbuilding, however, which had been rather neglected up to that time, gave us the Tower of Babel, and provided employment for numerous professors of languages.

There are a great many kinds of water, such as fresh water, salt water, well water, Congress water, dish water, Kissengen water, bilge water, water on the brain, Deer Creek water, hydrant water, Blue Lick water, joint water, break-water, and brandy-and-water.

Salt water, found mostly at sea, differs from fresh water, in containing a large infusion of table salt. Sailors are very fond of salt water, and actually live on it for months at a time. The effect of it on most people is to make them dry, which accounts for sailors being such hard drinkers. In former days, it is supposed, a much larger surface of the globe was covered with salt water than now. When it retired it left dry land, and it has been dry ever since. [Intermission to take a glass of water.]

All the rivers in the world find their way to the sea. We don't know how they do it, but they do. We tried to find our way to the sea once, when a boy, resolved to go for a sailor, but were overtaken before we got there, and brought ignominiously back, amid the jeers of the villagers.

We remember gazing tearfully on a brook that went murmuring back of the house, and sighed to think the brook could run off to sea and we couldn't. We can't tell what the brook was murmuring about. Perhaps it was because it had to go to sea when it didn't to, like one of the naughty boys that are sometimes carried off and shipped on board a whaler, because they don't whale him at home.

The water of rivers is fresh, although it don't taste very fresh sometimes, when furnished to you by the Water Works Company. We have heard of a "Salt River," but as we are generally successful in allying ourself with the winning party, we never sailed up there yet. With so many rivers of fresh water emptying themselves into the sea every day (Sundays not excepted), it is strange the saltness of the water exhibits no perceptible diminution. The wind freshens at sea quite often, but the water never does.

The lakes abound in fresh water, except Salt Lake; yet a friend brought us a bottle of Salt Lake water, not long ago, and, although it was ten days on the way, we found it quite fresh when we came to open it. There is a briny moisture in the atmosphere about Salt Lake, and we are told that it is no unusual thing for an excessively married Mormon to find himself in a pickle with all his wives.

Fresh water fish are caught, for the most part, in fresh water. [illegible]

[illegible] cold water as a beverage, for they are in danger of adding the other sixth and becoming all water.

—An old toper, who had read somewhere that five-sixths of his body was water, said it was none of his fault—he hadn't taken a drop of it for forty years. He wept bitterly because he had to have so much water within his whisky.

—Water is a capital thing for turning water mills, factories, and canal boats, putting out fires, rinsing tumblers, sprinkling the streets, and making a thunder-storm, and it is an indispensable aid in the formation of temperance societies.

We can't write on water, oh no!

TIT-BITS.

At a hotel breakfast in New Haven, a Baptist clergyman asked his neighbor the cause of the uproar the night previous. The neighbor horrified the clergyman by replying that he believed a Baptist Convention had been in session, as the parties had been calling for water since daybreak, with which to immerse their parched throats.

—Dr. Beecher often-related the anecdote of a minister who preached six sermons to show who Melchisedek was, and closed his last sermon with the summary: "And so we see, brethren, that we don't know who Melchisedek was, and that it is not no matter."

—The New York *Sun* has a heading, "Divorced," between the "Marriages" and "Deaths," and the record, Monday, related that Frances A. Field had been divorced from George Field, and Emma C. Pastor from William H. Pastor. The inference is that the ladies intend to "seek greener Fields and Pastors new."

—A contented home missionary says "that there are only two missionaries to twenty thousand cannibals. Shall we not give them a larger supply?" In reply to this, an exchange says that two missionaries, either baked, boiled, or stuffed, are certainly "small potatoes" among such a crowd of hearty eaters, and there ought to be a rallying for the front.

—The following passage occurs in a recent article in the New York *World* upon Gustave Edouard de la Feuillaton: Having stated that perhaps it were better not to recall the precise year of his birth, the writer goes on: "Accuracy as to the years of comets may be desirable in specific treatises on astronomical phenomena; but when the chainless minds of the great mass of oppressed mankind was the date of one heavenly omen of disaster to despots as a basis wherefrom to compute the probable date of the next anti-imperial scroll of prophetic fire, it is better for all parties that the chronology of ordinary reading should be mercifully vague. On the whole, we are inclined to agree with him. Seems a remarkably clear-headed writer, with a neat, clean way of expressing himself.

—A loving wife at Long Branch said: "The horrid surf makes me keep my mouth shut." Sarcastic husband: "Take some of it home with you."

—In the neighborhood of Boston once lived two clergymen, one of whom was remarkable for his dry humor and the other for his prolixity. The former meeting the latter, asked him to preach for him at his "Preparatory Lecture." The latter replied that he could not, as he was busy writing a sermon on the "Golden Calf." "That's just the thing," was the rejoinder, "come and give us a fore-quarter of it."

—"What is often called indolence," says Henry Crabbe Robinson, "is, in fact, the unconscious consciousness of incapacity."

—A gentleman was praising the beautiful hair of a lady, when one of those terrible children, whom Providence seems to have sent on earth as scourges of hypocrisy and falsehood, exclaimed: "My hair would be as handsome as mamma's if she'd let me take as much care of it as she takes of hers. Mamma never sleeps in her hair, but always puts it away in the wardrobe before she goes to bed."

—Having faith in the Scriptural promise that, as he has sown, he shall reap, John Atkinson, of Berkshire, Mass., for some time past a dealer in patent medicines, has hastened into business as an undertaker, in order to reap the fruits of his recent industry.

—At a recent Sunday School concert a speaker asked the little boys which they would prefer to do, "Steal a dollar, or have a dollar stolen from them." Immediately a hand was raised, and a little urchin candidly answered, "Please, sir, I'd rather steal a dollar!"

—A pedler walked into a New York broker's office and offered pens for sale. "You come to steal a coat, not to sell pens," said the broker, as he thrust him out. The following Saturday the pedler appeared in all the glories of his Sabbath clothes. "Now, sir," he asked, with an air of triumph, "do I look as though I came to steal a coat?" "No," replied the broker, "you look as though you'd stolen one." The pedler didn't wait.

—A devout French lady having been asked why she could endure the interminable sermons of her priest, replied that they helped prepare her for her eternity.

—In attempting to carve a fowl, one day, a gentleman found considerable difficulty in separating its joints, and exclaimed against the man who had sold him an old hen for a young chicken. "My dear," said the enraged man's wife, "don't talk so much about the aged and respectable Mr. B. He planted the first hill of corn that was planted in our town." "I know that," snarled her husband, "and I believe this hen scratched it up."

—A little school-boy in Danvers, Mass., when asked by his teacher why women should not vote, answered: "Cause they are afraid of caterpillars."

—A Sunday School teacher in Gallatin, Columbia County, N. Y., on Sunday last asked a nice little boy if he had learned anything the past week, and was stunned by the answer from the boy that he had learned "never to trump his partner's ace."

—When General Banks' voice failed him in his recent Cuban speech, an outsider was cruel enough to make a remark to the effect that "Another of the National Banks had busted."

—The principal occupation of the "girl of the period" is said to be to sit at the window and watch for the "coming man."

—A short time ago, in Delaware County, Pa., a Quaker lady, a maiden who had reached the age of 60, accepted the offer of a man who belonged to the "world's people" and the Presbyterian church, and began to prepare for the wedding. As usual, a delegation of Friends from her meeting waited on her, and remonstrated with her for marrying out of meeting. The bride elect heard the visitors patiently, and then said: "Look here! I've been waiting just sixty years for the meeting to marry me; and if the meeting don't like me to marry out of it, *why don't the meeting bring along its boys?*" That was conclusive, and the delegation merely replied "Farewell!" and vanished.

—Why is it impossible for chickens to have a future existence? Because they have their necks twisted in this.

Josh Billings' Papers—Slips of the Pen.

The wizest thing about a man is his conscience—edukashun don't improve it.

If yu want to find out the ruling pashun ov a man, feel him high on oats—it is jist so with mankind.

As a general rule, the best way is to decide yureself what bizness it is best for yure young one to foller, and then stick him at it while he is limber—men always pole vines before they begin to run much.

The only way for me to git out ov a tight spot is to git into it fust. Sum folks can tell exactly how a thing feels by not tetching it, but I kant.

The more babies in a family the eazier and better they are raised—one chicken alwus makes an old hen more clucking and scratching than a duzzen dux.

It takes an uncommon smart man, now-days, to make money by telling the truth—it is aktually an evidence ov genius.

It is a very small spot in the lightning bug's tale that shines; it is the darkness of the nite that makes it so brilliant—it is jist so with virtew.

Nussing revenge is like nussing a young hedgehog—the older he grows, the sharper his quills.

The good man is like an old-fashioned New England clock—his soul is the pendulum, whose regular moshuns giv life and grace tew his hands and face, thus showing the good works that are inside ov him.

Most of the epitaphs on the tombstuns read like guide-boards to the grate city, and without them a great menny would take the wrong road.

Most people travel to see and be seen; but few to compare.

Fools are telling us (confidenshully) "that time is short;" but the difficulty lies not in the shortness of time so much as it dus in the length of the fools.

Children are but down like the yung wheat, to ripen; old people are gathered like the golden grain, to be ground and bolted.

The only way tew truly enjoy enything is tew be willing tew quit it when the bell rings.

Time is like a fair wind—if we don't set our sails, we loose that breeze forever.

Take man, from [illegible] 1868 [illegible] down to April fool, I would respektfully ask if he ain't a dead beat? Is there a single pashun ov his natur, up to date, that you kan take the halter ov civil law off from and turn it out to grase?

Waking up in the morning, to a virtuous man, is the same thing as being born again.

"Necessity is the mother of invenshun," and Patten Wright is the father.

It dus me good to hear a poor brute whinner in Broadway, yesterday. I was glad there was one stage hoss in New York city whose heart wasn't dead broke.

Death is the only thing in this life that is certain, and even that ain't always a safe investment.

Humor is a vagrant without a home and lives upon wat it ken pick up.

The greatest victorys for mankind that have ever bin won have bin won by the rod and the katechism.

The lion and the lamb may possibly sumtime lay down in this world together for a fu minnits, but when the lion kums to git up, the lamb is missing.

Chastity is like glassware—too much frost makes it more brittle.

Virtew, backed up by courage, is the perfekshun of human nature. I don't recommend mercy nor pity always among the virtews; they are often amiable weaknesses. Justice is the square root ov awl the virtews. I wouldn't have eny mercy nor pity hove out for rubbish; neither would I have a man think because he melts at the corpish of the victims, that it is virtew that ails him.

Bachelors are always a braggin' of their freedom; freedom to darn their own stockings and poultise their own shins. I had rather be a widower once in two years reglar, than to be a grunting old hair-dyed bachelor only 99 days.

The laziest man that I can think ov now was Israel Dunbar, of Billingsville. He dried up a new milch cow in milking her 3 times, and planted an acre of beans last spring not in the beans before he put them in, but [illegible] the next, [illegible] years old, in crowing [illegible] his vines took after him, and [illegible]

[illegible] FOR SALE. [illegible] MARKLEY, ALLING & CO. [illegible]

...States. ...June 15. ...chiefly occu... ...th of Charles ...etter reaches you ...n more than nine ...to the ordinary say... ...state and unattractive ...e Cable enabled you to be... ...with the several facts as they ...should far more easily succeed in ...the attention of your readers. Never... without repeating that which is now ...known, I may yet dwell on the sub... for a short time. It is true that the ...have published many particulars ...the career and works of Dickens, still ...a large one, and a careful gleaner ...up something that has been over-looked.

THE FEELING IN LONDON.

Seldom if ever has the death of any public character produced a shock at once so severe and universal as that made upon the readers of the journals when, on opening them, they read that Charles Dickens was no more. The ... was generally regarded as a personal as well as a national one. When Prince Albert died great regret was expressed, but there was little real sorrow. He had never been popular and he was not heartily mourned. Much of the language used in speaking of him is due to other reasons than the fact of his decease being really deplored. It became the fashion to lament the loss of the "great and good Prince." Many persons discovered that the more demonstrative they were in their mourning, the better it fared with themselves personally. Not a few enjoy titles and are in receipt of salaries simply because they lent themselves to the farce of Albert-worship. Like all fashions, this one is being supplanted by another. The pendulum having been drawn too far to the right, is about to swing violently to the left. The national mourning for Prince Albert is at an end. Another death not less startling was that of Macaulay, the brilliant essayist, the accomplished orator, the eloquent historian. The news that he had gone over to the majority occasioned both a rude surprise and a poignant regret. In losing him we lost one of the most largely-stored minds of modern times. The accumulation of his knowledge was not more wonderful than his capacity for employing what he had acquired in such a way as to render a service to mankind. That this storehouse of literary treasure and those great literary powers should prematurely vanish from the world was a horrible calamity. Nor was it less sad that the prospect of having another history which might be ranked with the immortal work of Gibbon could no longer be cherished. A similar feeling prevailed when we learned that Mr. Buckle, the author of the "History of Civilization," had suddenly died at Damascus. But, in the case of neither historian, was the effect comparable to that produced by the intelligence that Dickens was dead. Macaulay and Buckle were great scholars; were distinguished members of the great republic of letters; their books were translated into all European languages, and read by men in every quarter of the globe; but they were not men who enjoyed personal popularity outside the limits of a circle of personal friends. If a parallel to the death of Dickens is sought among events of modern date, we must recall the cold November morning when London was saddened by the tidings that Thackeray had been taken away during the preceding night.

DICKENS AND THACKERAY.

It is seldom that any critique on modern novelists has been written which did not contain a reference to the respective styles and relative positions of Dickens and Thackeray. The novel reader has been accustomed to give a preference to the one over the other. It is rare to meet with anyone who is a sincere admirer of both. Still more difficult is it to find anyone who will avow the same unqualified admiration for Thackeray which many boast of entertaining for Dickens as a novelist. Instances are within my knowledge of men holding high rank among English writers, and notable also for the extent of their classical attainments, who read scarcely any other modern books than the works of Charles Dickens. It has been said that, if the works of Milton had perished during Macaulay's lifetime, he could have supplied the world with "Paradise Lost," so perfectly was every word engraven in his memory. In like manner, a great portion of Dickens' works could be reproduced by the students of his works. Sometimes, indeed, these students perceive things in them which escape the cursory reader's eye, and which do not exist in fact. One of them discovered, from internal evidence, that Dickens was a Free Mason; but this discovery turned out to be nothing more than an illustration of the saying that a man may be too clever by half. When appealed to, Dickens replied that at the time the works in question were written he was not a Free Mason.

BURIAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

For nothing had Dickens so much contempt as for the solemn mockery of woe which is characteristic of funerals. His aversion to the customs which prevail when the last rites are paid to the departed, prompted him to leave strict injunctions as to the way in which the funeral ceremony in his own case was to be performed. That everything should be done with the utmost simplicity was his first wish; that the proceedings should be private was his second. The desire to give effect to his wishes has been generally manifested; but it was anxiously asked whether they were incompatible with entombing his remains in Westminster Abbey, our great national mausoleum. It would appear that he did not name any one spot as the place of his burial. The suggested arrangement has been carried out, and thus that the magnificent old Abbey of Westminster now shelters the ashes of another of England's mighty dead. I doubt not but that any efforts to do honor to the memory of Charles Dickens will excite sympathy throughout the United States. The Atlantic Cable has already brought us the expected news that the American press is unanimous in paying tributes of respect to the deceased English novelist; and when the mail brings us the details, we shall certainly find that they do not fall short of those which have been published here. Perhaps I am right in anticipating that some of your journalists may have asked certain questions, which they might naturally do, and to which those among us who think that everything is perfect would have some difficulty in offering a satisfactory reply. These questions are in many mouths here. I shall mention them, not in order to supply answers, but with the view of venturing on an explanation.

WHY WAS DICKENS UNTITLED?

Nothing is more in accordance with rule than that, in a country where men are ennobled, the most worthy citizen should die a Baronet or a Peer. When, then, a man whom all agree in classing among the greatest, dies without being rewarded in this way, there must be some reason for the omission. Now, it is true that the Queen was desirous Dickens should accept some token of royal favor. More than one overture was made to him on the subject; but to all the proposals of the Sovereign he returned a refusal. I have reason for stating that the highest dignity of all was never tendered to him. He might have been made a Baronet, but to have made him a Peer of the realm would have been contrary to precedent. So much the worse for precedent, you will say. There are many here who think so. It is true that those men who have earned a position in literature have had, or have, seats in the House of Lords. The names of Macaulay, Monckton Milnes, and Bulwer Lytton will at once occur to you as proofs of this. But it was because Macaulay was a great historian, Monckton Milnes a clever versifier, and Bulwer Lytton a skilful novelist that they were raised to the peerage. The titles bestowed on them were rewards for political services. In like manner, when a peerage was recently offered to Mr. Grote, this was not because he had written a splendid history of Greece, but because he had done much for his party. Dickens was no politician. Indeed, his want of sympathy with political subjects was one of his shortcomings. Although he cared little for politics, he had a hearty appreciation of popular requirements, and he would have proved a more able legislator than the majority of the Peers who occupy that post in virtue of birth and despite their lack of brains.

NEW BOOKS ABOUT AMERICA.

The English public has many opportunities of learning what English travellers in the United States think of the Americans and of America. It is noteworthy that many of the new books on the subject are characterized by an anxiety to do justice to it. The eccentric travellers, who are never happy except when they are finding fault, are less numerous than formerly. The publishers are disinclined to give currency to work, which seem to have been composed with no other object than that of reviling the United States. It has been found that such works are commercial failures. The reading public is much more critical than it used to be, because the number of visitors to America having increased, the amount of accurate information current is far greater. Among the latest works is one entitled "Reminiscences of America in 1869," by two Englishmen. The volume does not contain much that is new, but what it does contain is trustworthy. Besides that its authors have evidently resolved upon judging fairly, and recording truthfully whatever impressed them. There is not much method in the volume. The authors pass from Niagara to education, and from the Mammoth Cave to west of Chicago. The most useful chapter to English readers will be that relating to education, a question about which much diversity of opinion now prevails in England. Half the fight is about the Bible. Some contend that to read it at all in school, is to introduce religion into the curriculum, while others contend that to read the Bible, and not to expound it, is absurd. The account of education in New England is full and flattering. The citizens of the capital of Massachusetts will not, however, be at all pleased should they chance to see the following remarks about the climate: "The climate of Boston is most disagreeable. In ... the thermometer frequently falls many ... [illegible]

...England, this volume deserves the praise which it will, doubtless, get from the critics here.

"WESTWARD BY RAIL."

Another volume, entitled, "Westward by Rail: the New Route to the East," by W. F. Rae, which has also appeared, will probably give displeasure in certain quarters. It is a narrative of travel over the Pacific Railway, and is chiefly based upon a series of letters written from America to the *Daily News*. In the preface it is said that the revision these letters "have undergone is so thorough, and the additions made to them are so considerable, as to constitute them entirely new in substance, if not in name." The author also remarks that some are surprised at the account given of Mormonism. He says that this differs materially from that of preceding histories. In support of his views he quotes some very striking statements made in THE TRIBUNE last July. Of course his verdict is different from that of Captain Burton and Mr. Hepworth Dixon. With regard to the latter, it is said, in the preface, that "Mr. Hepworth Dixon, without unreservedly expressing personal admiration for the worst Mormon doctrines and customs, has undoubtedly produced the impression that polygamy is not such a bad thing after all. His volumes about America are apparently designed to breed doubts and excite suspicions. The well-informed reader is always at a loss to decide whether Mr. Dixon has been shamefully imposed upon, or has determined to impose upon others. The drawback of books of travel, ingeniously planned in order to sell, is that they are apt to be regarded by the uninitiated as trustworthy merely because they happen to be entertaining." In the concluding chapter, where a survey is made of the book recently written about America, Mr. Dixon is again referred to in these terms: "Another writer has invidiously endeavored to discredit the great republic by giving unfair prominence, in his description of what he strangely christened 'New America,' to some abnormal phrases of pseudo-religious life, and by inducing his readers to infer that the most discreditable and profligate aberrations of sexual relationship constitute all that is characteristic of American society." This is very severe on Mr. Dixon. It is for you to determine whether or not it is just. You will probably be able to do so on an early occasion. I understand that the work is to be produced almost simultaneously in New York by the Messrs. Appleton. For that reason, among others, I shall give no further extracts from "Westward by Rail."

A Lost Confession.

BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

She wept, sweet lady,
And said in weeping;
"What spell is keeping
The stars so steady?
Why does the power
Of the sun's noon-hour
To sleep so move me?
And the moon in heaven,
Stained where she passes
As a worn-out glass is,—
Wearily driven,
Why walks she above me?

"'Stars, moon, and sun too,
I'm tired of either
And all together!
Whom speak they unto
That I should listen?
For very surely,
Though my arms and shoulders
Dazzle beholders,
And my eyes glisten,
All's nothing purely!
What are words said for
At all about them,
If he they are made for
Can do without them?"

She laughed, sweet lady,
And said in laughing;
"His hand clings half in
My own already!
Oh! do you love me?
Oh! speak of passion
In no new fashion,
No loud inveighings,
But the old sayings
You once said of me.

"'You said: "As summer
Through boughs grown brittle,
Comes back a little
Ere frosts benumb her,—
So bring'st thou to me
All leaves and flowers,
Though autumn's gloomy
To-day in the bowers."

"'Oh! does he love me,
When my voice teaches
The very speeches
He then spoke of me?
Alas! what flavor
Still with me lingers?"
(But she laughed as my kisses
Glowed in her fingers
With love's old blisses.)
"Oh! what one favor
Remains to woo him,
Whose whole poor savour
Belongs not to him?"

Hot Summers.

From the published records kept in Nuremberg, in Bavaria, we translate the following interesting facts relating to extremely hot seasons, in time past:

In the year 1132 the earth cracked by reason of the heat, the wells and streams in Alsace all dried up, and the bed of the river Rhine was dry.

In the year 1152 the heat was so great that sand exposed to the sun's rays was hot enough to cook eggs.

In 1160 great numbers of soldiers in the campaign against Bela died from the effects of the heat.

In 1276 and 1277 the crops of hay and oats failed completely.

In the year 1303 and 1304 a man could have crossed, dryshod, over the rivers Seine, Loire, Rhine, and Danube.

In 1393 and 1394 a multitude of animals perished by reason of the heat, which was so great that the harvest dried up.

In 1440 the heat was extraordinary.

In the years 1538, 1539, 1540 and 1541 all the rivers were nearly dried up.

In 1556 there was a great drought, which extended over nearly the whole of Europe.

In 1615 and 1616 there was in Italy, France, and the Netherlands an overpowing heat.

In 1646 there were fifty-eight consecutive days of extra heat.

The year 1678 was very hot, and so were the first three years of the eighteenth century.

In 1718 it did not rain a single time from April until October. The growing grain was burnt, the rivers dried up, the theatres (but wherefore is not stated) were closed by command of the police. The thermometer showed 36 degrees Reaumer equivalent to 113 degrees Fahrenheit. In irrigated gardens the fruit trees bloomed twice.

In 1723 and 1724 there was very great heat.

The summer of 1746 was very hot and dry, the growing grain being absolutely calcined. It did not rain for many months.

The years 1748, 1754, 1760, 1767, 1778 and 1788 were also years in which the summers were extremely hot.

In the famous comet year, 1811, the summer was very warm, and the wine produced that season was considered very precious.

In the year 1818 the theatres had to be closed on account of the heat, the highest temperature being 35 Reaumer, or 111 Fahrenheit.

During the three days of the Revolution of July, in 1830, the thermometer stood at 36 degrees Centigrade, about the same as 97 of Fahrenheit.

In 1832, during the uprising of the 5th and 6th of July, the temperature was about the same.

The Seine was nearly dried up in 1835.

In June 1850, when the cholera appeared for the second time, the temperature was only about 75 Fahrenheit.

The highest degree of heat that man can withstand for any lengthened period varies from 104 to 122 of Fahrenheit scale. But with a much lower temperature numerous deaths occur.

Curiosities of Breathing.

From Hall's Health Tracts.

The taller men are, other things being equal, the more lungs they have, and the greater number of cubic inches of air they can take in or deliver at a single breath. It is thought that a man's lungs are sound and well developed, in proportion to his girth around the chest, yet observation shows that slim men as a rule will run faster and farther, with less fatigue, having "more wind," than stout men. If two persons are taken in all respects alike, except that one measures twelve inches more around the chest than the other, the one having the excess will not deliver more air at one full breath, by mathematical measurement, than the other.

The more air a man receives into his lungs in ordinary breathing, the more healthy he is likely to be; because an important object in breathing is to remove impurities from the blood. Each breath is drawn pure into the lungs; on its outgoing the next instant, it is so impure, so perfectly destitute of nourishment, that if rebreathed without any admixture of pure atmosphere, the man would die. Hence, one of the conditions necessary to secure a high state of health is, that the rooms in which we sleep should be constantly receiving new supplies of fresh air through open doors, windows, or fire-places.

If a person's lungs are not well developed, the health will be imperfect, but the development may be increased several inches in a few months by daily out-door runnings with the mouth closed, beginning with twenty yards and back at a time, increasing ten yards every week until a hundred are gone over, thrice a day. A substitute for ladies and persons in cities is running up stairs with the mouth closed, which compels very deep respirations, in a natural way, at the end of the journey.

As consumptive people are declining, each week is a witness to their inability to deliver as much air at a single out-breathing as the week before; hence, the best way to keep the foil disease at bay is to maintain lung development.

It is known that in large towns, 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, the deaths by consumption are ten times less than in places nearly on a level with the sea. Twenty-five persons die of consumption in the city of New York where only two die of that disease in the city of Mexico. All know that consumption does not prevail in hilly countries and in high situations. One reason of this is, because there is more ascending exercise, increasing deep breathing; besides, the air being more rarified, larger quantities are instinctively taken into the lungs to answer the requirements of the system, thus at every breath keeping up a high development. Hence the hills should be sought by consumptives, and not low, flat situations.

The Name of God in Forty-seven Different Languages.

Malay, Alla. — English & Old Saxon, God.
Old German, Diet. — Danish and Swedish, Gut.
Chaldaic, Elah. — Hebrew, Elohim or Eloah.
Assyrian, Elah. — Syriac or Turkish, Allah.
Arabic, Allah. — Language of the Magi, Ora.
Armorian, Teut. — Old Egyptian, Teut.
Greek, Theos. — Modern Egyptian, Teun.
Cretian, Thios. — Æolian and Doric, Ilos.
Latin, Deus. — Celtic and Gallic, Diu.
French, Dieu. — Portuguese, Deos.
Spanish, Dios. — Low Breton, Doue.
[illegible]

NEW YORK.

The Weather and the Heated Term.

The Park.

The Luxuries of the Season in Dress.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW YORK, June 23.

You may remember, *cher* TRIBUNE, the chorus of indignant protests that went up from our newspapers when a certain Congressional Daniel brought New York to judgment, and pronounced her the Sodom of America. We denied the charge, and hurled the accusation in the teeth of the denouncer; but we've grown wiser since. You are perfectly welcome to call all the smart things we said about the Boston Jubilee "barbaric yawp." We each and every one of us smite upon our breast, and cry, "*Mea culpa*," when you tell us we don't know anything about music. We put our hands upon our mouth, and our faces in the dust, when some virtuous Lot, vexing his righteous soul with the filthy conversation of the wicked, warns us that we are lingering upon the confines of hell, and bids us flee from the wrath to come. We admit it all, and more. We fizzled on our jubilee; we can't sing, or at least we don't try to, with the mercury at 103 in the shade; and, if that temperature, with an imminent prospect of a further rise, doesn't indicate the propinquity of His Satanic Majesty and his legions, it at least furnishes a tolerably correct idea of the climatic inducements to a sojourn in his dominions. To quote the Reverend Mantilini Beecher, "It is damned hot," so hot that indignation, however virtuous, can only be safely indulged in after a liberal application of ice to the head and wrists, and mint-juleps, sherry-cobblers, and soda-water to the mucous membrane of the stomach. Thanks to Bergh, various kinds of protection for horses' heads are used. Most horses have a little awning over a light bamboo frame, raised several inches from the head; others have large pieces of sponge, which are kept saturated with water, and no doubt most grateful to the panting creatures. The going down of old Sol in a fiery glow of anger, threatening dire things for the morrow, affords little or no relief. We hang out of our windows, listening eagerly for the faintest whispers of a breeze in the tree-tops, thankful if Zephyrus but fans a leaf. Next to reading Kane's "Arctic Expedition," the most effectual "cooler" I know is to forget self in sorrowing sympathy with the inmates of the shanties "on the rocks," and of filthy, over-crowded tenement houses. All along the roads in the neighborhood of Central Park, on Sunday afternoon, men, women, and children were lying wherever the least shade could be found, sleeping from sheer exhaustion—the night preceding having been the hottest known in New York for twenty-four years. If, with all the advantages of healthy localities, large houses, high ceilings, bath-rooms, and nothing in particular to do, our inner man revolts at well-cooked food, temptingly served; if tired nature's sweet restorer plays the coquette, and refuses to be wooed by luxurious beds, and white, cool linen, how, in the name of humanity, can people with like passions as ourselves, exposed to the sun's fiercest rays, and deprived of everything that can mitigate their sufferings, bear the heat and burden of weeks of such days? I do not know. I can only comfort myself with the belief that the hand that fits each burden gives the strength to bear it to the end. The heat has been so intense and exceptional, during the entire month, that a peremptory stop was put to the strawberry parties, usually given in great numbers at this season. The most noted entertainment was a dinner given at Delmonico's, by a Russian merchant prince, to Mr. Catacazy (Russian Minister) and wife, on their way through New York to their country seat on Long Island. The dinner was *à la Russe*, and was a magnificent affair.

Central Park Garden, and Thomas' delicious music are the sole resources of the people who, for various reasons, are unable to get out of town. One can sit by the promenades for hours, and enjoy the throng of lovely women and gallant men that pass like a panorama before one. General Scott's daughter, a stately blonde, dressed in black, and very like her father, walks by, leaning on the arm of her oldest son. Behind her comes a *petite* blonde, beautiful as a poet's dream, and, more than that, a Randolph of Virginia. This little bundle of loveliness was done up in a petticoat of purple pink silk, with two bias flounces of the same, and an overskirt and basque of silver-gray pongee. The basque had a waistcoat front of pink silk. The skirt was profusely trimmed with narrow *plisses* of pongee; and a sash of the silk, quite broad, was tied under the left arm. Hat of white chip, with drapery of pink *crepe de Chene*, and silver gray ostrich-tips. Sitting by a table in the garden were Rev. Henry Potter, of Grace Church, New York, and the eloquent Phillips Brooks, of Holy Trinity, Boston. Mindful, probably, of the terrible consequences of gin and milk in the case of Brother Smythe, these gentlemen confined themselves to a mild Havana each, and took their *otium* with dig, but nothing stronger.

If anything so capricious as a woman's taste in the matter of dress is to be trusted, retrenchment and reform will be the shibboleth of victorious femininity next autumn. On the occasion of one of Eugene's private Mondays, the Empress wore a plain white tarlatan over white taffeta, one flounce only headed by a ruche of tarlatan for ornament. In her hair, a bunch of white lilies, with a few red and black cherries,—a most striking combination for a blonde. No jewels. A pretty and cool dress for the country is an overdress of *ecru* lawn, trimmed with *plisses* of the same, edged with Valenciennes lace, over a brown silk petticoat, flounced all the way up behind, and half that distance in front. Another is of fine stone-colored Cashmere, with silk flounces of the same shade; a *casaque* of the Cashmere, simply hemmed, and draped to an incredible rotundity of *panier*. No sashes with either, but a *neglige* bow behind on the waist. A striking dinner dress is a vaporous cloud of tulle over light salmon silk. Yellow, in every conceivable shape, is exceedingly fashionable, but very trying, especially to blondes. The straw shades, so much worn by the Empress, if toned with discernment, may be worn by flaxen or yellow-haired beauties with good effect. *Ecru* goods, and especially linens, are in high favor. The trimmings are as various as the style of the wearers. The most expensive have French embroidery on the material. Scotch and Hamburg work, and Valenciennes lace trimmings, are more worn because less expensive; while, as for the infinite varieties of ornamentation in self material, and designs in white linen, a week would hardly suffice to tell you of them. These overdresses are almost invariably worn over silk petticoats of brown *cuir*, and black, with bows and sashes to match. Among the many beautiful costumes prepared for the seashore is a silk petticoat of gray, with an idea of pink in it, with a narrow flounce on the bottom, and a deep one above of grenadine, the same shade, headed by a puff of grenadine. Overdress of grenadine, made in Worth's latest style, and finished by a bias band of brown velvet. No *panier* or sash. Three large bows of the velvet on the lower part of the basque waist complete this striking costume. Hat of brown chip, with a square crown of medium height, trimmed with brown *crepe de Chene*, and brown and gray ostrich tips; brim turned up on the left side. A nobby travelling dress for a bride is a petticoat of *Mexique* blue foulard, with a deep flounce, edged with a ruffle of the same, and upright *plisse* for a heading. Over-skirt and short, straight *sacque*, made of a fine gray woollen shawl, with fringe. The skirt, which is quite long and full, is exquisitely draped. The *sacque*, very much slashed, is made with flowing sleeves and *revers*. Round hat of black Dunstable, bound with black velvet, trimmed with blue *crepe de Chene* the shade of the skirt, and a black and red pheasant's wing. *Gants de Suede*, with three buttons, linen collar and cuffs. An effective and becoming hat for the carriage is a white chip, bound and trimmed with *rouleaux* of light blue velvet, garniture of white blonde, a delicate blush rose, and a long ostrich plume and tip the shade of the velvet. Long gloves, so indispensable in the country, and now made, by some of our economical fair ones, of chamois skin and really do them great credit. They are made with four, five, and sometimes as many as eight buttons. When soiled, they are sent to the laundry, and returned as good as new. Tortoise-shell ornaments are growing in favor. The plainer they are, the more stylish. A very pretty pair of ear-rings can be had for $7, and *Marguerite* hair-pins for $4. Shell bands for the hair, ornamented with small *Marguerites*, or smooth nobs of shell, are much worn. Lace shawls, to be worn by very stout or elderly ladies, are draped in such a way as to form a pointed hood at the back. The plaits are fastened by elaborate ornaments of *passmentine* and jet.

In corroboration of the assertion that English women will wear anything, no matter how *outre*, that is made in Paris, a Paris letter-writer, after paying a tribute to the *grande airs* with which *Americaines* carry their expensive and becoming *toilettes*, exclaims, "But, oh! what guys the majority of English ladies are! Such absurd contrasts between the richest of lace over-dresses and the dingiest of under-skirts. Imagine black stockings, and huge heelless shoes, and a red silk petticoat, under a fabulously valuable Valenciennes lace dress. Others wore dark red petticoats with exquisite light silks. Most of them had on large, ill-shaped shoes, which they were constantly displaying, owing to their apparent mania for raising their skirts." The same writer states the remarkable fact that nearly all these English women were outrageously rouged and whitened, and laments the tendency to "fixing up" the complexion among young and fresh American women. The increase of this sort of thing is positively frightful. Chemists may cry out about lead poison as long as they will; M. D.'s may trace cutaneous eruptions and nervous diseases to this fruitful source while the world stands, and not one out of a hundred women be frightened into giving it up. There is a remedy, however,—an extreme one, I grant, and one that will need a vast amount of courage in the application. But the results, *mes freres*, the results would exceed your most sanguine expectations. When Celeste rolls her India ink and black-lead eyes at you, instead of pretending to be overpowered by their brightness, suppose you quietly say to her, "My Dear Celeste, you really haven't shown your usual judgment in putting on the India-ink to-day. The upper lid is a shade too dark, and the line at the outer corner entirely too heavy." Or, when Arabella offers her rouged cheek or lips for a kiss ... [illegible]

They are entitled, "A Word in Season;" and perhaps they are as timely now when ministers are asking whether Dickens was a Christian, as they were 25 years ago:

They have a superstition in the East
That Allah, written on a piece of paper,
Is better unction than can come of priest
Of rolling incense, and of lighted taper;
Holding that any scrap which bears that name
In any characters, its front impressed on,
Shall help the finder through the purging flame,
And give his tossed feet a place to rest on.

Accordingly they make a mighty fuss,
With every wretched tract and fierce oration,
And hoard their leaves—for they are not, like us,
A highly civilized and thinking nation;
And, always stooping in the miry ways,
To look for matter of this earthly leaven,
They seldom, in their dust-exploring days,
Have any leisure to look up to Heaven.

So have I known a country on the earth,
Where darkness sat upon the living waters,
Brutal ignorance, and toil, and dearth
Were the hard portion of its sons and daughters;
And yet, where they who should have ope'd the door
Of charity and light for all men's finding,
Squabbled for words upon the altar-floor,
And rent The Book in struggles for the binding.

The gentlest man among these pious Turks
God's living image ruthlessly defaces;
Their best high-churchman, with no faith in works,
Bowstrings the Virtues in the market-places;
The Christain Pariah, whom both sects curse
(They curse all other men and curse each other),
Walks through the world, not very much the worse,
Does all the good he can, and loves his brother.

MR. THOMPSON'S PRODIGAL.

From the (July) Overland Monthly.

We all knew that Mr. Thompson was looking for his son, and a pretty bad one at that. That he was coming to California for this sole object was no secret to his fellow-passengers; and the physical peculiarities, as well as the moral weaknesses, of the missing prodigal were made equally plain to us through the frank volubility of the parent. "You was speaking of a young man which was hung at Red Dog for sluice-robbing," said Mr. Thompson to a steerage passenger, one day; "be you aware of the color of his eyes?" "Black," responded the passenger. "Ah," said Mr. Thompson, referring to some mental memoranda, "Char-les' eyes was blue." He then walked away. Perhaps it was from this unsympathetic mode of inquiry; perhaps it was from that Western predilection to take a humorous view of any principle or sentiment persistently brought before them, that Mr. Thompson's quest was the subject of some satire among the passengers. A gratuitous advertisement of the missing Charles, addressed to "Jailors and Guardians," circulated privately among them; every body remembered to have met Charles under distressing circumstances. Yet it is but due to my countrymen to state that when it was known that Thompson had embarked some wealth in this visionary project, but little of this satire found its way to his ears, and nothing was uttered in his hearing that might bring a pang to his father's heart, or imperil a possible pecuniary advantage to the satirist. Indeed, Mr. Bracy Tibbets' jocular proposition to form a joint-stock company to "prospect" for the missing youth received at one time quite serious entertainment.

Perhaps to superficial criticism Mr. Thompson's nature was not picturesque nor lovable. His history, as imparted at dinner, one day, by himself, was practical even in its singularity. After a hard and wilful youth and maturity—in which he had buried a broken-spirited wife, and driven his son to sea—he suddenly experienced religion. "I got it in New Orleans in '59," said Mr. Thompson, with the general suggestion of referring to an epidemic. "Enter ye the narrer gate. Parse me the beans." Perhaps this practical quality upheld him in his apparently hopeless search. He had no clew to the whereabouts of his runaway son—indeed, scarcely a proof of his present existence. From his indifferent recollection of the boy of 12, he now expected to identify the man of 25.

It would seem that he was successful. How he succeeded was one of the few things he did not tell. There are, I believe, two versions of the story. One, that Mr. Thompson, visiting an hospital, discovered his son by reason of a peculiar hymn, chanted by the sufferer, in a delirious dream of his boyhood. This version, giving as it did wide range to the finer feelings of the heart, was quite popular; and as told by the Rev. Mr. Gushington, on his return from his California tour, never failed to satisfy an audience. The other was less simple, and, as I shall adopt it here, deserves more elaboration.

It was after Mr. Thompson had given up searching for his son among the living, and had taken to the examination of cemeteries, and a careful inspection of the "cold *hic jacets* of the dead." At this time he was a frequent visitor of "Lone Mountain"—a dreary hill-top, bleak enough in its original isolation, and bleaker for the white-faced marbles by which San Francisco anchored her departed citizens, and kept them down in a shifting sand that refused to cover them, and against a fierce and persistent wind that strove to blow them utterly away. Against this wind the old man opposed a will quite as persistent—a grizzled, hard face, and a tall, crape-bound hat drawn tightly over his eyes—and so spent his days in reading the mortuary inscriptions audibly to himself. The frequency of Scriptural quotation pleased him, and he was fond of corroborating them by a pocket Bible. "That's from Psalms," he said, one day, to an adjacent grave-digger. The man made no reply. Not at all rebuffed, Mr. Thompson at once slid down into the open grave, with a more practical inquiry, "Did you ever, in your profession, come across Char-les Thompson?" "Thompson be d—d," said the grave-digger, with great directness. "Which, if he hadn't religion, I think he is," responded the old man, as he clambered out of the grave.

It was, perhaps, on this occasion that Mr. Thompson stayed later than usual. As he turned his face toward the city, lights were beginning to twinkle ahead, and a fierce wind, made visible by fog, drove him forward, or, lying in wait, charged him angrily from the corners of deserted suburban streets. It was on one of these corners that something else, quite as indistinct and malevolent, leaped upon him with an oath, a presented pistol, and a demand for money. But it was met by a will of iron and a grip of steel. The assailant and assailed rolled together on the ground. But the next moment the old man was erect; one hand grasping the captured pistol, the other clutching at arm's length the throat of a figure surly, youthful, and savage.

"Young man," said Mr. Thompson, setting his thin lips together, "what might be your name?"

"Thompson!"

The old man's hand slid from the throat to the arm of his prisoner, without relaxing its firmness.

"Char-les Thompson, come with me," he said, presently, and marched his captive to the hotel. What took place there has not transpired, but it was known the next morning that Mr. Thompson had found his son.

It is proper to add to the above improbable story that there was nothing in the young man's appearance or manners to justify it. Grave, reticent, and handsome, devoted to his newly-found parent, he assumed the emoluments and responsibilities of his new condition with a certain serious ease that more nearly approached that which San Francisco society lacked, and—rejected. Some chose to despise this quality as a tendency to "psalm-singing;" others saw in it the inherited qualities of the parent, and were ready to prophesy for the son the same hard old age. But all agreed that it was not inconsistent with the habits of money-getting, for which father and son were respected.

And yet, the old man did not seem to be happy. Perhaps it was that the consummation of his wishes left him without a practical mission; perhaps—and it is the more probable—he had little love for the son he had regained. The obedience he exacted was freely given, the reform he had set his heart upon was complete; and yet, somehow, it did not seem to please him. In reclaiming his son, he had fulfilled all the requirements that his religious duty required of him, and yet the act seemed to lack sanctification. In this perplexity he read again the parable of the Prodigal Son—which he had long ago adopted for his guidance—and found that he had omitted the final feast of reconciliation. This seemed to offer the proper quality of ceremoniousness in the sacrament between himself and his son; and so, a year after the appearance of Charles, he set about giving him a party. "Invite everybody, Char-les," he said, dryly; "everybody who knows that I brought you out of the wine-husks of iniquity, and the company of harlots; and bid them eat, drink, and be merry."

Perhaps the old man had another reason, not yet clearly analyzed. The fine house he had built on the sand-hills sometimes seemed lonely and bare. He often found himself trying to reconstruct, from the grave features of Charles, the little boy which he but dimly remembered in the past, and of which lately he had been thinking a great deal. He believed this to be a sign of impending old age and childishness; but coming, one day, in his formal drawing-room, upon a child of one of the servants, who had strayed therein, he would have taken him in his arms, but the child fled from before his grizzled face. So that it seemed eminently proper to invite a number of people to his house, and, from the array of San Francisco maidenhood, to select a daughter-in-law. And then there would be a child—a boy, whom he could "rare up" from the beginning, and—love—as he did not love Charles.

We were all at the party. The Smiths, Joneses, Browns, and Robinsons also came, in that fine flow of animal spirits, unchecked by any respect for the entertainer, which most of us are apt to find so fascinating. The proceedings would have been somewhat riotous, but for the social position of the actors. In fact, Mr. Bracy Tibbets, having naturally a fine appreciation of a humorous situation, but further impelled by the bright eyes of the Jones girls, conducted himself so remarkably as to attract the serious regard of Mr. Charles Tompkins, who approached him, saying quietly: "You look ill, Mr. Tibbets; let me conduct you to your carriage. Resist, you hound, and I'll throw you through that window. This way, please; the room is close and distressing." It is hardly necessary to say that but a part of this speech was audible to the company, and that the rest was not divulged by Mr. Tibbets, who afterward regretted the sudden illness which kept him from witnessing a certain amusing incident, which the fastest Miss Jones characterized as the "richest part of the blow-out," and which I hasten to record:

It was at supper. It was evident that Mr. Thompson had overlooked much lawlessness in the conduct of the younger people, in his abstract contemplation of some impending event. When the cloth was removed, he rose to his feet, and grimly tapped upon the table. A titter, that broke out among the Jones girls, became epidemic on one side of the board. Charles Thompson, from the foot of the table, looked up in tender perplexity. "He's going to sing a Doxology"—"He's going to pray"—"Silence for a speech," ran round the room.

"It's one year to-day, Christian brothers ... [illegible] ... little heart, moved unconsciously toward him.

"It's fifteen years ago since he left my house," said Mr. Thompson, "a rovier and a prodigal. I was myself a man of sin, O Christian friends—a man of wrath and bitterness"—("Amen," from the eldest Miss Smith)—"but, praise be God, I've fled the wrath to come. It's five years ago since I got the peace that passeth understanding. Have you got it, friends?" (A general sub-chorus of "No, no" from the girls, and "Pass the word 'for it,'" from Midshipman Coxe, of the United States sloop Wethersfield.) "Knock, and it shall be opened to you."

"And when I found the error of my ways, and the preciousness of grace," continued Mr. Thompson, "I came to give it to my son. By sea and land I sought him far, and fainted not. I did not wait for him to come to me—which the same I might have done, and justified myself by the Book of books, but I sought him out among the husks, and—" (the rest of the sentence was lost in the rustling withdrawal of the ladies). "Works, Christian friends, is my motto. By their works shall ye know them, and there is mine."

The particular and accepted work to which Mr. Thompson was alluding had turned quite pale, and was looking fixedly toward an open door leading to the veranda, lately filled by gaping servants, and now the scene of some vague tumult. As the noise continued, a man, shabbily dressed, and evidently in liquor, broke through the opposing guardians, and staggered into the room. The transition from the fog and darkness without to the glare and heat within, evidently dazzled and stupefied him. He removed his battered hat, and passed it once or twice before his eyes, as he steadied himself, but unsuccessfully, by the back of a chair. Suddenly, his wandering glance fell upon the pale face of Charles Thompson; and, with a gleam of childlike recognition, and a weak, falsetto laugh, he darted forward, caught at the table, upset the glasses, and literally fell upon the prodigal's breast.

"Sha'ly! you d—d ol' scoun'rel, hoo rar ye!"

"Hush!—sit down!—hush!" said Charles Thompson, hurriedly endeavoring to extricate himself from the embrace of his unexpected guest.

"Look at 'im!" continued the stranger, unheeding the admonition, but suddenly holding the unfortunate Charles at arms' length, in loving and undisguised admiration of his festive appearance. "Look at 'im! Ain't he nasty? Sha'ls, I'm prow of yer!"

"Leave the house!" said Mr. Thompson, rising, with a dangerous look in his cold, gray eye. "Char-les, how dare you?"

"Simmer down, ole man! Sha'ls, who's th' ol' bloat? Eh?"

"Hush, man; here, take this!" With nervous hands, Charles Thompson filled a glass with liquor. "Drink it and go—until to-morrow—any time, but—leave us!—go now!" But even then, ere the miserable wretch could drink, the old man, pale with passion, was upon him. Half carrying him in his powerful arms, half dragging him through the circling crowd of frightened guests, he had reached the door, swung open by the waiting servants, when Charles Thompson started from a seeming stupor, crying:

"Stop!"

The old man stopped. Through the open door the fog and wind drove chilly. "What does this mean?" he asked, turning a baleful face on Charles.

"Nothing—but stop—for God's sake. Wait till to-morrow, but not to-night. Do not—I implore you—do this thing."

There was something in the tone of the young man's voice—something, perhaps, in the contact of the struggling wretch he held in his powerful arms; but a dim, indefinite fear took possession of the old man's heart. "Who," he whispered hoarsely, "is this man?"

Charles did not answer.

"Stand back, there, all of you," thundered Mr. Thompson, to the crowding guests around him. "Char-les—come here! I command you—I—I—I—beg you—tell me *who* is this man?"

Only two persons heard the answer that came faintly from the lips of Charles Thompson:

"YOUR SON."

When day broke over the bleak sandhills, the guests had departed from Mr. Thompson's banquet halls. The lights still burned dimly and coldly in the deserted rooms—deserted by all but three figures, that huddled together in the chill drawing-room, as if for warmth. One lay in drunken slumber on a couch; at his feet sat he who had been known as Charles Thompson; and beside them, haggard and shrunken to half his size, bowed the figure of Mr. Thompson, his gray eye fixed, his elbows upon his knees, and his hands clasped over his ears, as if to shut out the sad, entreating voice that seemed to fill his ears.

"God knows I did not set about to wilfully deceive. The name I gave that night was the first that came into my thought—the name of one whom I thought dead—the dissolute companion of my shame. And when you questioned further, I used the knowledge that I gained from him to touch your heart to set me free—only, I swear, for that! But when you told me who you were, and I first saw the opening of another life before me—then—then— O, sir, if I was hungry, homeless, and reckless when I would have robbed you of your gold, I was heart-sick, helpless, and desperate when I would have robbed you of your love."

The old man stirred not. From his luxurious couch the newly-found prodigal snored peacefully.

"I had no father I could claim. I never knew a home but this. I was tempted. I have been happy—very happy."

He rose and stood before the old man.

"Do not fear that I shall come between your son and his inheritance. To-day I leave this place, never to return. The world is large, sir, and, thanks to your kindness, I now see the way by which an honest livelihood is gained. Good-by. You will not take my hand? Well, well. Good-by."

He turned to go. But when he had reached the door he suddenly came back, and raising with both hands the grizzled head, he kissed it once and twice.

"Char-les."

There was no reply.

"Char-les!"

The old man rose with a frightened air, and tottered feebly to the door. It was open. There came to him the awakened tumult of a great city, in which the prodigal's footsteps were lost forever.

NEW HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS.

Interesting Discoveries.

From Chambers' Journal.

It is well known that in the archives of private families and institutions there are many collections of papers and manuscripts of general public interest, "a knowledge of which would be of great utility in the illustration of history, constitutional law, science, and general literature." It was with a view to their publication—of course with their owner's permission—that a Royal Commission was appointed in April of last year to make inquiry as to the places in which these collections were deposited. The first report of the Commissioners has just been published; and so well have their wishes been responded to, that no less than one hundred and eighty collections have been placed at the disposal of the inspectors appointed to examine them. Mr. H. T. Riley and Mr. A. J. Horwood were the inspectors for England, Dr. John Stuart for Scotland, and Mr. J. T. Gilbert for Ireland. As was expected, many curious and interesting documents bearing on the history of the country have been discovered—some of which were supposed to have been lost or destroyed—while the existence of others was wholly unknown even to their owners. We will briefly notice a few of those that are most interesting. First in order in the report, as well as in numbers and importance, are the documents deposited in the House of Lords—the existence of many, and the importance of all, were accidentally discovered but a short time before the Royal Commission was appointed. They consist for the most part of the original documents referred to in the journals of the House; and the fact that they are the originals is accounted for by the Lords being never satisfied with a copy of a document offered in evidence or brought under their notice—the production of the original being always required.

Here are the letters of Charles I. and Queen Henrietta Maria, taken at the battle of Naseby—some in the original handwriting, and some in cipher; also the King's letter to the House of Lords, interceding for the life of Lord Strafford. The corrections and alterations in this last letter, made, seemingly, some time after it was written, are curious and very characteristic of the writer, as showing how much it was against his inclination to ask a favor of the Parliament. The well-known postscript, "If he must Dey, it wer a Charitie to repryve untill Saturday," was apparently likewise added afterwards. From the same storehouse another document of great importance, and which has been missing for years, has been brought once more to light. This is the original manuscript of the *Book of Common Prayer*, formerly annexed to the Statute 13 and 14 Car. II. c. 4. On the re-establishment, at the Restoration, of the worship sanctioned by the Acts of Uniformity of Edward VI. and Elizabeth, Charles II. appointed commissioners to review the *Book of Common Prayer*, and to prepare such alterations and additions as they thought fit to offer. The fair copy of the book as amended and corrected was ordered to be annexed to the act, and so it remained till the beginning of the present century, when it disappeared, and was supposed to have been burned in the fire that destroyed both Houses of Parliament in 1834. When it was found, another volume was found with it, which was entirely unknown, being the original volume with all the manuscript alterations, from which the "fair copy" above mentioned was made. The declaration and letter of Charles II. addressed to the House of Lords from Breda, and the original petition of Archbishop Laud while in the Tower, have also once more been seen, besides many other most interesting public instruments. As many as 29,507 documents have been arranged and sorted, and more yet remain to undergo the same process.

The Hatton Collection, belonging to the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, is rich in ancient deeds and charters, including fifteen in Anglo-Saxon, one of the Empress Maude, and another of David, Earl of Huntingdon, afterwards King of Scotland. Many of them have seals in good preservation attached to them. At Port Eliot, the seat of the Earl of St. Germans, are many valuable papers relating to the civil wars, including ... Eliot, which have for the most part been made public by Mr. John Forster, in his life of that great patriot. There are also seven letters, chiefly on political matters, by Edward Gibbon, the historian, to Edward, first Lord Eliot. Many papers relating to the Gunpowder Plot were discovered in a bundle labelled "Law Papers," belonging to Mr. Phelips, of Montacute House, Somersetshire. They were entirely unknown to the family. Another document relating to the same plot—the narrative of John Fortescue and his wife Helen, with affidavits respecting the same—copied from the archives of Douai College, was found in the library of Ushaw College, near Durham. In the same library were original letters of Alexander Pope, to his sister, Mrs. Rackett; also his will, dated 12th December, 1749. Among the manuscripts at Everingham Park, the seat of Lord Herries, is a magnificent Antiphoner, formerly used in the Metropolitan Church, at York. It is of the fifteenth century, written on vellum, and ... [illegible]

... very interesting, ranging over twenty years—from 1673 to 1693. They are nearly all written from London, and are full of court gossip, city news, foreign intelligence, and occasionally of what was going on in Parliament. In these days of telegrams, and when there is hardly a town or village in England that is not kept well "posted up" in the events of the day, it is somewhat difficult to realise what a godsend one of these letters must have been to one of these country gentleman's house, and how eagerly was read the news—though perhaps some weeks old—of the doings of Nell Gwynne, of the Polish Plot, of the trial of the seven Bishops, of the birth of Prince of Wales, son of James II., and known in history as "Old Pretender," of the abdication of James, and of the landing of William of Orange. The Parliamentary news was limited. It was long before the days of the Reporters' Gallery, so that a newsman was obliged to have recourse to the gossip of the coffee houses for his account of the doings of either House, or to the minutes of proceedings in the Houses of Parliament, furnished to him *sub rosa* by the Clerks of Parliament. The publication of the latter, however, rendered him liable to be had up for breach of privilege.

The Shrewsbury papers, belonging to the executors of Bertram Arthur, Earl of Shrewsbury, are rich in royal and historical letters. Those of Sir Gilbert Talbot, K. G., Deputy Governor of Calais under Henry VII. and Henro VIII., are highly important and interesting. Sir Gilbert's position brought him into direct communication with the courts of France and Burgundy; it was therefore very necessary to keep him well informed of what was going on in England, especially during the time of the Perkin Warbeck conspiracy. Two of Henry VII.'s letters relate to that plot, describing Warbeck's expulsion, and subsequent arrival in Ireland. There are seven letters bearing the signature of Henry VII., and twelve of Henry VIII., besides original documents of Elizabeth of York, Catharine of Aragon, Henry VIII. when Prince Henry, Charles II., and James II. There are also three letters in the handwriting of "Thomas Wolcy." A large number of letters were found some few years since behind the wainscot of a room at Trelawne, the seat of Sir John S. Trelawny, Bart.; these and others relate chiefly to the times of the civil wars, and of James II. Among them is a copy of the resolutions at Haberdashers' Hall, of 13th March, 1648, relating to persons to be excepted, banished, and confiscate. The first four named are Rupert, Charles Stuart, James, Duke of York, and the Earl of Derby.

A letter from the Bishop of Ely, dated December 11, 1688, to Bishop Trelawney (one of the seven imprisoned Bishops), tells of the flight of the Queen, Maria de Modena, and the Prince of Wales, to Gravesend. "This minute I received an advice from the Earl of Rochester that the King is secretly withdrawn this morning. God preserve him, and direct us." The muniments and papers of several colleges in Cambridge were examined; they are chiefly of local interest. In the admission book of Christ's, under the year 1624, occurs a world-wide name, that of John Milton. In another part of the book is that of his brother, Christopher Milton. The corporation of Coventry has many documents of great value. Its earliest charter is one dated as far back as 1153, from Ranulph, Earl of Chester, "to his burgesses of Coventry." Two large folio volumes contain a collection of forty-nine letters from royal, and many more from other distinguished, persons. Among the royal letters is one of Queen Isabel, mother of Edward III.; one from Edward V.; one from Anne Boleyn in 1533, announcing the birth of a Princess, and one from the Princess, when Queen Elizabeth, as to the safe keeping of the Queen of Scots on her way for the north.

In a receiver's book belonging to the corporation of Wells is an account for the entertainment of Judge Jeffreys and four other Judges on the "Bloody Assizes." Westminster Abbey has papers and documents of great value, but relating chiefly to the estates belonging, or formerly belonging, to that establishment. It seems that the shrine of Edward the Confessor was looked upon as a source of wealth in times of need, as there are several entries relating how the jewels and precious stones with which the shrine was adorned were borrowed by different sovereigns for the purpose of raising money upon them. In Scotland the most important discovery appears to have been at Buckie, on the coast of the Moray Firth, in seventy-two original letters of Queen Mary of Scotland. Two of these are entirely in the Queen's handwriting—the rest being in cipher. The Gordon Papers, belonging to the Duke of Richmond, while containing a large and valuable series of the charters of the numerous lands and baronies possessed by the family, are rich in materials for the history of Scotland. Among the miscellaneous papers are letters from Queen Mary, James VII. (James II. of England), Duke of Montrose, Charles I. and II., Lord Lovat, and from the Duke of Newcastle in 1745, about the Jacobite rising, and describing the state of affairs at the English court, while Prince Charles Edward was in possession of Scotland. In the library of the University of Edinburgh is the original protest of the nobles of Bohemia and Moravia to the Council of Constance in 1415, against the burning of John Huss and Jerome of Prague. In Ireland the correspondence of Archbishop King, author of the "State of the Protestants in Ireland," from which Lord Macaulay drew largely in his history of the revolution in Ireland, has been placed at the disposal of the inspector by Dr. Lyons of Merrion Square, Dublin. It consists of many hundred letters from 1682 to 1727, from public men both in England and Ireland, on public and other affairs; which tend to throw light on the somewhat obscure and complicated Irish transactions of that unhappy period.

If the means placed at the disposal of the Commissioners had not been limited, they consider that their labors would have had still larger results. It is to be hoped that in future they may have ample means to enable them—in the language of the report—"to render a most essential service to the historical student, not only in this country, but throughout the civilized world."

CELEBRATED MISERS.

Dickens' Nicodemus Boffin—John Elwes—Blewberry Jones—Plum Turner—Vulture Hopkins—Lord Hardwike—Lord Eldon—John Little, and Other Famous Niggards.

Correspondence of the Troy Times.

In "Our Mutual Friend," one of Charles Dickens' romances, an amiable and uneducated person, named Nicodemus Boffin, unexpectedly drops into a great inheritance, and takes, as a permanent visitor to himself and wife, a handsome, ambitious, self-willed, charming, and provoking young lady, Miss Bella Wilfer, to whom, in a short time, he finds it necessary to give a lesson. Finding her to place too high a value upon money, he persuades her that he has become a miser, with the worst points of such a character. The Golden Dustman, as Boffin is called because his fortune was made in that line, does this in an odd way. Though he cannot read, he pays a man for reading to him; and, whenever he walks out with Miss Bella Wilfer, insists on her going with him to old book shops, where he looks out for books about misers, and highly eulogizes such illustrious personages as John Elwes and Daniel Dancer, Jemmy Taylor and Jemmy Wood, "Vulture" Hopkins, "Blewberry" Jones, "Plum" Turner, and other unworthies.

John Elwes was nephew of Sir Hervey Elwes, Baronet, who died in 1764, and was himself a miser, having maintained his household on $550 a year, at a time when his fortune was $1,250,000, besides a landed estate. Sir Hervey, though he disliked sociability, was a member of a club which occasionally met in his own village of Stoke, in Suffolk. To this also belonged two other Baronets, named Sir Cardwell Firebras and Sir John Barnardiston. To these three—all of them rich and miserly—the amount of reckoning was matter of anxiety. One evening, while they were discussing the items proportioning the respective amounts of payment, they were so loud that a member in the street called out to another: "For heaven's sake, step up stairs and assist the poor! Here are three Baronets, worth a million sterling, quarrelling about a half-penny." Elwes' mother actually starved herself to death, though her fortune was one hundred thousand pounds. John Elwes inherited the property of mother and uncle, large estates, with $1,750,000 in cash, and, partly to curry favor with his uncle, and also because avarice was hereditary in the family, used to dress badly and walk, on cold days, up and down the great hall to save the expense of fire. Once possessed of the money, he plunged into extravagance and meanness—playing cards all night for thousands, and going to Smithfield market early in the morning to meet a drove of his cattle from the country, and, in the cold or rain, haggle with a butcher for a shilling. He, too, was a member of the House of Commons, and used to ride on horseback from Berkshire to London, living on hard-boiled eggs and crusts of bread, to save inn expenses, taking the roads on which turnpikes were fewest, and feeding his horse on the grass from the road-side hedges. He knew nothing of accounts, trusted everything to his memory, was a prey to sharpers who baited him with promises of high interest, and lent freely to Peers and Members of Parliament, losing $750,000 by them alone. But he would walk five miles in the rain rather than pay a shilling for a ride in a hackney coach, and would then sit in his wet clothes rather than light a fire to dry them. In those days every gentleman wore a wig. Elwes used one which had been thrown into the street as worn out, and, after some years, when it was completely dilapidated, wore his own hair to save the purchase of a new or even second-hand one. His shoes he never suffered to be cleaned, lest they should be worn out the sooner. In London, where he had a great many houses, he would live in one which was unlet—his furniture consisting of a couple of beds, two chairs, a table, and an old woman (she died of starvation) who cooked for him. He died in 1789, aged 77, leaving $4,000,000.

"Blewberry" Jones, who was a curate of Blewberry for forty-three years, never had a domestic servant, and wore the same coat all the time, helping himself, when occasion required, to an old hat from a scarecrow in the corn fields. He had a single shirt, constantly in wear, washed by his own hands every three months, and taken off at night to prevent its being too soon worn out. His housekeeping cost him half a crown a week, and, though his income was only $250 per annum, he contrived to accumulate a large sum.

"Plum" Turner and "Vulture" Hopkins have been immortalized in Pope's Moral Essays. Turner was a turkey merchant, in London, who, when worth $1,500,000, laid down his coach, because the rate of interest was reduced one per cent, and, on losing a large sum of money, took to his chamber, which he never quitted in life. John Hopkins, called "Vulture," from his rapacity, also was a merchant in London. He accumulated $1,500,000, which he bequeathed so as not to be inherited until after the second generation. Having called upon Thomas Guy (who subsequently founded and endowed Guy's Hospital), that worthy, on his entrance, lighted a farthing candle, and soon extinguished it, saying, "As you have not come on business, we can talk in the dark."

Lord Hardwike, who had accumulated $4,000,000 in the practice of the law and as Lord Chancellor of England, set as much value on a shilling, when he had all that wealth, as he had done when he was worth only $300.

Lord Eldon, who was Lord Chancellor for a ... and had amassed at least ... [illegible]

... Ellenborough called to-day, and said she had been unable to buy a turbot; so I gave her ours, for twelve shillings, which was eighteen pence more than it cost." Eldon dared not tell her that they had lost nine shillings by the traffic, besides giving royalty a mean set-out.

John Little was no more notorious for his miserly habits than for his hatred of women, of whose evil practices he had as much to say as the husband of the Wife of Bath. He even disowned his brother because he gave practical evidence by marriage that he differed from him in opinion as to this point. He owed his death to the indulgence of his overpowering passion. Being ordered by his physician to drink a glass or two of wine daily on account of a debility brought on by privation, he had himself carried down to the door of his wine cellar. He fetched out a bottle of wine, but the effort was too much for him, for he had hardly locked the door before he was seized with apoplexy, and died. It was found that he had left £30,000 behind him, 140 wigs, 173 pairs of breeches, and an endless variety of other articles of clothing.

Dick Jarrett died at a good old age (how is it that misers always live to a great old age?), and when he died it was found that he possessed property to the amount of £10,000. Three hundred guineas were found under one brick. His life was one of the most abject misery, and one of his latest complaints just before his death, referred to the hardness of the times, for whereas his expenditure in previous years had not exceeded six pounds, it had in that just ended been thirteen pounds. The beer which had been brewed at his christening, to be drunk when he became of age, he kept to be drunk at his funeral.

Sir James Lowther, founder of the Lonsdale peerage, and worth $200,000 a year in land, used to go to a little coffee shop in the Strand, London, pay two pence for a cup of coffee, and then, being very feeble and infirm, be helped into his chariot. Once he returned, and told the woman who had served him that there was a bad penny in the copper change she had given him out of a shilling, and he must insist on having a good one in exchange.

The King of Patterdale, whose residence stood at the head of Lake Ullswater, was a good deal of the jackdaw or magpie in his disposition. He used to put away sums of money in holes in walls or trees, hide it under stones, etc. When his income was eight hundred pounds a year, his expenses were under thirty pounds; and in his 80th year, when death was upon him, he exclaimed, "Ah what a fortune a man might make if he could live to the age of Methuselah!"

A miser recently died in Paris, and his ways of living were certainly novel in the extreme. He boasted that his breakfast never cost him more than a half-penny, and that it always consisted of bread and butter, or bread and fruit. This was his economic plan: "Every morning he bought a sou roll of bread. With this he went to one of the markets, and, if it was winter, he began by tasting the country-woman's butter. A bit of this was put in his mouth with a bit of bread previously deposited. Somehow the butter was always bad, or had some flavor that he did no like. Not to be rude, he swallowed it, but made no purchase. In summer he fared more luxuriously, especially in the time of cherries, the strawberries, the plums and the grapes. "Have you good cherries to-day?" "Yes." "How do you sell them?" "Six sous a pound." "Can I taste them?" "Certainly." He then takes two or three cherries, eats them with a mouthful of bread, and says, "Hem! hem! they are a little sour," and so he passes on to the next stall. Before he got half way down he used to breakfast perfectly. Of course the women who sold fruit and butter at the various markets soon began to know him, and, amused at his eccentricities, they seldom refused to let him taste their goods. He was then 75 years old, and worth 500,000 francs, having never breakfasted on dry bread or at a cost exceeding a half penny.

The acquisition of riches seems, from the beginning of time, to have been one of man's universal passions. The maddest and the saddest lives have been spent in the accumulation of money. Yet there is no evil in wealth. It is not money, but the *love* of money, that is the root of evil.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

The Authorized Version.

From an Article in the London Quarterly Review.

Soon after the accession of James I. to the throne, a conference of the leading clergy was held at Hampton Court (in January, 1604), "for the determining of things pretending to be amiss in the Church;" and it was there agreed, on the suggestion apparently of Dr. Reynolds, President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, that a new version of the Bible should be prepared, under the supervision of the representatives of Church and State. The King, after due inquiry on the part of the prelates of the Church and the heads of the two universities, was advised to nominate fifty-four of the first scholars of the kingdom to the work. The list was completed and ratified on June 30, 1604. The nominations appear to have been made without regard to sect or party, and solely on the ground of eminent qualifications. The higher Church party had their representatives in L. Andrews, Barlowe, and Ravis; those of more moderate views, and semi-Puritan tendency, had theirs in Reynolds, Chaderton (or Chatterton), and Lively; while the learned, independent of any party, were represented by such men as Savile, de Saravia and Bedwell. Canon Westcott's estimate of the staff of revisers is just: "Of these scholars," he says, "many (as Andrews, Overall, Saville, and Reynolds) have obtained an enduring reputation apart from this common work in which they were associated. Others, whose names are less familiar, were distinguished for special acquirements requisite for their task. Lively, Spalding, King, and Byng were successively Professors of Hebrew at Cambridge, and Harding and Kilbye at Oxford. Harmer and Perin were Professors of Greek at Oxford, and Downes at Cambridge; Bedwell was the most distinguished Arabic scholar of the time. Saravia was an accomplished modern linguist. Thompson (Camb.), Chatterton, Smith, and Boys were equally distinguished for their knowledge of ancient languages."* The competency of such men for the work assigned to them no scholar will question. Had the critical apparatus we now possess been in their hands, so as to enable them to elaborate a pure Hebrew and Greek text, and to apply it to its elucidation of grammar and philology, ere they proceeded to revise the English, we should have inherited from them a version which probably never could have been surpassed. In addition to scholarship, they had the indispensable qualification of being deeply imbued with the spirit of the sacred writers. They were not more eminent for learning than for piety.

Before commencing their labors, they received a code of instructions, in substance as follows: 1. The *Bishops' Bible* to form the basis, and to be as little altered as the originals would permit. 2. The proper names to be retained as near as possible. 3. The old ecclesiastical words, such as *church* (instead of *congregation*) to be kept. 4. When a word had different meanings, that was to be kept which best accorded with the use of the fathers, the propriety of the place, and the analogy of faith. 5. The division of chapters to remain. 6. No marginal notes to be affixed, except for the explanation of Hebrew and Greek words. 8. Every man of each company first to translate or revise all given to that company; then the company to meet and decide what should stand. 9. Each section thus revised to be sent to each of the other companies for examination. 10. Any company, upon examination of the section so sent, objecting to words or phrases, to note them and send them back, with their reasons for objecting. If not accepted, the disputed passages to be reserved for a general meeting of the leading translators. 11. When any place of special obscurity is doubted of, men of known learning, wherever found, to be consulted. 12. Bishops and clergy to be informed of the proposed work, and all such persons as are noted for learning to be requested to forward hints or suggestions to the translators. 14. The following translations to be used, when they agree better with the original than the Bishops' Bible: 1. Tyndale's; 2. Matthew's; 3. Coverdale's; 4. Whitchurch's (The Great Bible); 5. The Genevan.

Of the fifty-four scholars originally nominated, only forty-seven undertook the task. They were divided into six classes, and were appointed to sit—two classes at Westminster, two at Oxford, and two at Cambridge. The Presidents, classes, and arrangements of books were as follows: Westminster—1. Dr. Lancelot Andrews, Dean of Westminster, afterwards successively Bishop of Chichester, Ely, and Winchester, a profound linguist. To this company, ten in number, were assigned the book of Genesis to 2 Kings. 2. Dr. William Barlowe, Dean of Chester, afterwards Bishop of Rochester and Lincoln. This company numbered seven in all, and revised Romans to Jude. Oxford—1. Dr. John Harding, Regius Professor of Hebrew, afterwards President of Magdalen College. This company consisted of seven men, and revised Isaiah to Malachi. 2. Dr. Thomas Ravis, Dean of Christ Church, afterwards successively Bishop of Gloucester and London. In this company were Dr. Peryn, Professor of Greek, Dr. Harmer, ex-Professor, and five others. To it were assigned Matthew to Acts, and the Book of Revelation. Cambridge—1. Edward Lively, Regius Professor of Hebrew. He died in 1605. His place was probably taken by Dr. R. Spaulding, who succeeded him in the Professorship. To this company, eight in number, were assigned 1 Chronicles to Ecclesiastes. 2. Dr. John Duport, Master of Jesus College. In this company was the celebrated scholar John Boys, or Bois, and five others; to it was assigned the Apocrypha.

When the work had begun it was found necessary to add an additional rule, to the effect that "three or four of the most ancient and grave divines in either of the universities, not employed in translating, be assigned by the Vice Chancellor, upon conference with the rest of the heads, to be overseers of the translations, as well Hebrew as Greek, for the better observation of the fourth rule." All the arrangements were completed in 1604, and many of those nominated appear to have entered immediately upon their duties with praiseworthy ardor; but the classes were not called together, and the formal work of translation and revision was not commenced till 1607, and it was not completed till 1610. In the latter year three copies of the entire Scriptures, revised by each class, were sent to London—one from Westminster, one from Oxford, and one from Cambridge. Here a committee of six delegates, two from each place where the classes met, reviewed, revised, and arranged the whole materials. Among them were Boys and Downes, whose qualifications for such a task were pre-eminent. It appears that six others were added to the delegates, doubtless to consult with and assist them; but their names are not known. They labored during nine months, meeting in Stationers' Hall, and receiving for their support a small weekly pension. The manuscript, revised and completed by them, was handed to Dr. Miles Smith, who, aided by Bilson, Bishop of Winchester, prepared it for the press and corrected the proofs. Smith was a profound Oriental scholar, and discharged his duties with singular ability. He was commissioned to write the preface, and he has given us in it, after a short history and defence of former versions, a very clear and satisfactory account of the mode in which the whole work was conducted, and the time and pains expended on it. Unfortunately, while the fulsome dedication to King James is retained in our Bibles, this important preface is generally omitted. Though somewhat quaint and ... [illegible]

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ELIJAH SMITH, Of Smith & Lord, 111 Madison-st.

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WATCH No. [illegible], bearing Trade Mark, "Fayette Stratton," manufactured by the United States Watch Co., has been carried by me one year, [illegible]
S. P. ROUNDS, Rounds & Kane.

WATCH No. 601, bearing Trade Mark, "Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, New Jersey," manufactured by United States Watch Co., has been carried by me [illegible] its total variation from mean time being only about one minute a year.
GEO. M. BOGUE, Ogden, Sheldon & Co.

The watch bought of you has been carried by me eighteen months, its total variation from mean time being scarcely perceptible.
Yours truly, J. McGREGOR ADAMS, Crerar, Adams & Co.

... the materials made use of must always be subjects of special interest to the student of Biblical literature and to the general public, a brief account of them will now be given. Dr. Smith says in his preface: 'Truly we never thought from the beginning that we should need to make a new translation, nor yet to make a bad one a good one; but to make a good one better, or out of many good ones one principal good one, not justly to be excepted against—that hath been our endeavor, that our mark.' The translators acknowledged the general faithfulness and substantial accuracy of the versions of Tyndale and Coverdale, and of the revised editions made by the English Bishops and the Genevan exiles. They had in these a solid basis; and their task was to examine, collate, and critically revise, so as to bring the version into closer and fuller conformity with the originals. With what care and labor they accomplished this task Dr. Smith further indicates: 'Neither did we run over the work with that posting haste that the Septuagint did, if that be true which is reported of them, that they finished it in seventy-two days; neither were we barred or hindered from going over it again, having once done it. . . . None of these things: the work hath not been huddled up in seventy-two days, but hath cost the workmen the pains of twice seven times seventy-two days, and more.' The entire time spent upon it was about seven years. Three years, 1604-1607, were occupied in preliminary arrangements, and individual investigation on the part of the fifty-four scholars nominated, and numerous others whom they consulted. Three years more were occupied in the systematic and united work of the six classes. Each member of each class translated all the books entrusted to the class; then the whole class met, and, after calm and thorough revision, adopted a common text; then that text was transmitted in succession to each of the other classes for revision: then a text of the whole Bible, approved by the entire six classes, was submitted to the final revision of six elected delegates, with six consulting assistants, and their approved manuscript was placed in the skilful hands of Dr. Smith finally to examine and prepare it for the press. A more complete system could not have been invented. When we consider the varied learning of the translators as linguists, naturalists, antiquarians, historians—when we consider the time occupied, and the repeated revision of the work by individuals, by classes, and by the united body—we cannot wonder that the result was so eminently satisfactory.

The translators did not confine their attention to English, nor even to modern versions. "Neither did we think much," says Dr. Smith, "to consult the translators or commentators, Chaldee, Hebrew, Syrian, Greek, or Latin; no, nor the Spanish, French, Italian, or Dutch; neither did we disdain to revise that which we had done, and to bring back to the anvil that which we had hammered; but having and using as great helps as were needful, and fearing no reproach for slowness, nor coveting praise for expedition, we have at length, through the good hand of the Lord upon us, brought the work to that pass that you see." A close and critical examination of the *Authorised Version*, and a comparison of it with the previous English and other translations, show that Dr. Smith's words are strictly true. Every verse appears to have been weighed with scrupulous care, and everything tending to make the translation more literal, more plain, more terse and forcible, was adopted. The original texts were always the final standards of appeal; but in investigating the real sense every assistance, from whatever quarter, from versions ancient and modern, was made use of; and in expressing that sense in vigorous idiomatic English, words and phrases were freely taken from others. Even the Rhemish version of the New Testament supplies a number of expressive words of Latin origin, and a few happy renderings. 'The chief influence of the Rhemish version,' Mr. Westcott well observes, 'was upon the vocabulary of the revisers, that of the Genevan version on the interpretation.'† In the Old Testament the Antwerp Polyglott, published in 1569-72, rendered essential service, especially its sixth volume, which contains the very accurate interlinary Latin translation of the Hebrew text by Arias Montanus. The Latin version of the Old Testament and Apocrypha, published a few years later (1589) by Tremellius and Junius, was also consulted, and furnished some excellent renderings. For faithfulness and perspicuity this version has never been surpassed. The Latin translation of Castalio, begun at Geneva in 1542 and finished at Basle in 1550 (published 1551), was likewise used, as was that which bears the name of Leo Juda (Tiguri, 1543). Dr. Smith mentions the Spanish, French, Italian, and German versions as having been consulted. He doubtless refers to the Spanish of Cassiodore de Reyna, translated from the original and printed at Basle in 1569; to the French of Olivetan, revised by Calvin, and afterwards more fully by the College of Pastors and Professors at Geneva, and published in 1588; to the Italian of Diodati, translated at Geneva, and published in 1607; and to the German of Luther and the Swiss-German, published at Zurich, under the care of Leo Juda, in 1529. In the New Testament the admirable Latin version of Beza, first published by Robert Stephen at Geneva, in 1556, was used in bringing out the nicer shades of meaning, which previous English translators had sometimes overlooked. Not only was the sense of the originals faithfully studied, but the selection of words and phrases, and the structure and rhythm of sentences best calculated to give force and beauty to the version, were watched with the most scrupulous care. Every clause, and indeed every word, was anxiously weighed, and no point was considered too minute for the keen, critical eyes of the laborious and conscientious revisers. The italics and marginal readings show how anxious they were to bring the reader into contact with the very letter of the originals. By the italics he could see at a glance any word inserted for explanation, and which had no direct representative in the Hebrew or Greek.* By the marginal reading he could see where, after all research and study, a doubt as to the best rendering still remained on the authors' minds. Of the latter Dr. Smith writes in the Preface: "There be many words in the Scripture, which be never found there but once, so that we cannot be holpen by conference of places. Again there be many rare names of certain birds, beasts, and precious stones, etc., concerning which the Hebrews themselves are so divided among themselves for judgment, that they may seem to have defined this or that, rather because they would say something, rather than because they were sure of that which they said. Now, in such a case, doth not a margin do well to admonish the reader to seek further, and not to conclude or dogmatize on this or that peremptorily?"

The above facts show at what an extraordinary cost of time, labor, anxious care, and scholarship, our English Bible has been produced. It is the result of a century of toil and study. About the year 1511 Tyndale appears to have seriously turned his thoughts to the translation of the Scriptures; in the year 1611 the *Authorized Version* was published. During the interval the word not only occupied the attention of the ripest scholars in England, but it was aided, directly or indirectly, by the most accomplished Biblical critics in Europe. It is in no respect sectarian. It has seized and appropriated all that is best and purest, wherever its source. Its history, when known, cannot fail to infuse into the mind a deeper veneration for it, and fuller confidence in its faithfulness. There is a romance in some of the incidents of that long history, and a pathos in some of its tragic scenes, which fix it indelibly on the memory, and endear it to the heart of the Christian. The men who laid the foundation of our English Bible were thoroughly in earnest. They were moved in their work and sustained in it by a higher than human power. Hardships, persecution, even death itself, did not shake their firm resolve to give to their country the true Word of God. Tyndale, Rogers, and Cranmer became martyrs to that noble resolution; and in a spirit worthy of those holy men, the translators of the Authorized Version introduced the finished work to their readers: "It remaineth," they write, "that we commend thee to God, and to the Spirit of His Grace, which is able to build farther than we can ask or think. He removeth the scales from our eyes, the vail from our hearts, opening our wits that we may understand His word, enlarging our hearts, yea correcting our affections, that we may love it above gold and silver, yea that we may love it to the end. O receive not so great things in vain: O despise not so great salvation." The Authorized Version has been examined by the ablest scholars and critics in this and other lands, and all have combined ... [illegible]

... to anything which might be expected from the finical and perverted style of our age. It is simple, it is harmonious, it is energetic.' It has drawn forth glowing panegyrics even from Roman Catholic divines. Geddes thus writes: 'The highest eulogiums have been pronounced on the translation of James I., by both our own writers and by foreigners; and, indeed, if accuracy, fidelity, and the strictest attention to the letter of the text, be supposed to constitute the qualities of an excellent version, this, of all versions, must, in general, be accounted the most excellent. Every sentence, every word, every syllable, every letter and point seems to have been weighed with the nicest exactitude, and expressed, either in text or margin, with the greatest precision.' Still more remarkable is the testimony of one of the most distinguished scholars who has left the Church of England for that of Rome: 'Who will not say that the uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible is not one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country? It lives in the ear like a music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells, which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. Its felicities seem to be almost things instead of words; it is a part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness; the memory of the dead passes into it; the potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped into its verses; the power of all the griefs and trials of a man is hidden beneath its words. In the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of religiousness about him whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible.'

Yet still our English Bible is a human work, and it exhibits some of our imperfections which necessarily belong to everything human. To point out all its imperfections would require a critical examination of each book. To particularize them is not our object here. Our object is rather to indicate their general character, and the sources from which they mainly spring; and thus to guide and stimulate to fuller investigation, and more thorough critical study, those who desire to make our noble version still more worthy of the confidence of all classes of Christians.

* "History of English Bible," p. 149.

† The original edition of 1611 was printed in black letter, and the supplemental words, now printed in *italics*, were in small Roman letter.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A clever *mot* is attributed to the Prince Imperial. When asked why people always said "Brave as a sword," and never "Brave as a cannon," he replied: "Because a cannon always recoils when it is fired."

—The people of Austria have been in a terrible fright lately, as both of the children of the Emperor were almost dead with the measles. Prayers for their recovery were offered in all the churches. At latest accounts they were recovering.

—The Empress, it is said, glided out of the Tuileries, one morning, recently, to sit by a poor child afflicted with small-pox, feeling no repugnance for such duty, and lending a gentle hand to sooth the sufferings of her little friend.

—An English lady at the Grand Hotel, Paris, rushed excitedly to the office one night recently, and asked the bell boy hurriedly, "Have you the small-pox in the house?" and the boy, who perfectly understands English, replied, "No; but we expect it every minute, and when it arrives I will send it up to the room of Madame!"

—A few days ago a patient called on a certain well-known Parisian doctor, who is a duly qualified "*Inspecteur de Morts*." While waiting for the doctor's appearance in the consulting-room he felt overpowered by the heat, and fell into a deep sleep on the sofa. The doctor, on entering, endeavored to wake the sleeper, but without avail. Coming somewhat hastily to the conclusion that his patient must be dead, he rushed off to the police station, made the formal declaration of decease, and returned with two men and a litter to convey the body to the Morgue. Great was his discomfiture on finding the supposed dead man rubbing his eyes, and declaring himself much refreshed by his nap. Had he slept on but an hour longer he would have come to himself on a cool marble slab, with a tap of cold water running on his head.

—A most unusual occurrence took place in Paris a few days ago. Some young mother, desiring to keep her conscience clear of infanticide, and yet dispose of her child, bethought herself of a most poetical method of throwing her offspring on the mercy of the world. Baby was tucked up in a little car and sent up in a parachute for the winds to carry where they listed. What goes up must come down, and the miniature balloon with its precious freight finally alighted in the streets of Paris, with its contents as fresh, if not as welcome, as the flowers of May. The winds had been merciful to the infant, and a label attached signified that it had been committed to the care of Providence. The Empress is said to have adopted the little waif, and placed it in one of the charitable institutions of Paris.

—A queer story is told by one of the Greek papers. One of the military commanders having offered a reward for each brigand's head brought in, the supply soon became so extensive that suspicions were aroused. Inquiry was set on foot, and disclosed the fact that with an eye to the main chance, the so-called brigand-hunters made raids into neighboring villages, plundered them, and then turned the heads of their victims to account.

—A Parisian valet, detected in thefts from his master, produced a small account book, in which all his daily peculations were neatly entered under the head "Receipts from Robberies." "Monsieur will not find a cent missing," added he, "and he may be sure that I have no wish to deceive him."

—There is an old man of 112 at Warsaw who still does duty as sexton of a synagogue. It is only three years since his hair turned gray. He walks daily from his village to Warsaw, a distance of some miles. At the age of 93 he had a fine son by his second wife. His own father lived to be 120; his grandfather lived to be 126, and could tell all about the appearance of John Sobieski, the famous Polish leader.

—Monsieur Plichon, the new Minister of Public Works in France, is the hero of a rather romantic story. When a young man he was out shooting with a friend, who, either through accident or inadvertence, wounded M. Plichon so severely in the left hand, that amputation was necessary. Mons. Plichon, to screen his friend, pretended that he had himself caused the accident, and the secret seems to have been kept—a "hidden hand"—until the friend's death.

—The Paris *Journal* says: "Mlle. Marimon, the cantatrice of the Athenee Theatre, had been engaged to sing for M. Maurice Richard at the late reception at the Ministry of Fine Arts, but mistook the house and went to the Ministry of Agriculture. She remained there some time, and was spoken to by several high persons about the dry weather, the races, and other topics of the day, but without any mention being made of the 'Toreador,' in which she was to sing part of the music assigned to Coraline, and it was only after being there an hour that she discovered her error, and hurried away to the other hotel, where all hope of seeing her had almost died away."

—The *Pungolo*, of Naples, mentions a terrible suicide committed at Gaeta. A Sergeant, named Tomolo, a young man of excellent conduct, went to the building where the artillery was kept, and, lighting the fuse of a loaded cannon, placed himself in front. He was blown literally to atoms, his head and feet alone being afterward found. The cause assigned was, as stated in two letters, one to his father and the other to his Captain, extreme dislike of a military life.

—Toys for animals are now advocated by an English naturalist. He had an otter for whom he made a wooden ball, to the extreme delight of his pet. Following up the idea, he presented the national elephants and rhinoceroses at the London Zoological Gardens with globes, but it seems the elephants took to playing ball so furiously that "there was danger of their houses being swept down altogether; so they were forbidden to use them indoors."

—Just before last Christmas, the Queen heard that there lived at Bray, very near Windsor, an old widow who had reached her 101st year. Her husband had been a common agricultural laborer, and she was living upon an income derived from his savings and her own. The old woman fell ill, and expressed a strong inclination to see the Queen. Her Majesty heard of this, and paid her a visit, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. Her Majesty sat down beside the humble bed and conversed freely with the dying woman, who expressed her happiness and gratitude in the strongest terms. Shortly after this visit, the ... [illegible] ... this, the happy subject rallied so completely that she may be said to have quite returned to her usual good health and clearness of intellect, until within a few days ago, when she suddenly failed and sank rapidly.

—The position of the fair sex in Russia has not, hitherto, been a very elevated one. In fact, the daughter of the Russian peasant has probably to submit to more unfeminine drudgery than the women of the laboring class of any other country in Europe. But now a reform has begun, higher up in the scale, it is true, but with good omen for those occupying the *substrata*. It is announced that the Russian Minister of Finance "has sanctioned the employment of women as bookkeepers and clerks in custom house offices," and that "there are already a great number of female candidates for these posts."

—The Empress Eugenie is a great lover of pigeons. She has a splendid dovecote at Fontainebleau, which, she says, is superior to any on the continent.

—A few days since a young and beautiful girl leaped from Quay de Berey into the Seine to end a life which her lover's desertion had stripped of all charms. Two young men, who had witnessed her despair, ran and plunged in after her, and brought her to shore insensible but not lifeless. Messengers were despatched to Dr. de Lanessan. He came at once. The girl had not given the least sign of life. He exerted all his skill to reanimate the almost extinguished spark; after incessant efforts made during two hours, she made some motion. Although he was exhausted, he continued his efforts, and had the satisfaction to see life return with all the vigor of youth. But as the girl recovered strength, he grew faint, and presently fell on the floor. Then the girl and the young men did all they could to restore his life, but it continued to ebb despite them, and in a few moments Dr. de Lanessan was a corpse.

—*Figaro* has hit upon a novel manner of communicating an indecent epistle to such of its readers as desire wittingly to peruse it, without shocking the modesty of persons who might have stumbled on it unawares. The letter is published in invisible ink, and to decipher it one is recommended to place what appears part of a blank column between two sheets of blotting-paper and iron it with a hot iron. In this way M. de Villemessant tries to get rid of all responsibility.

—The fixed idea which possesses the unfortunate Empress Carlotta at the present time, is that loaded pistols and muskets are constantly being pointed at her breast. This idea goads her frequently to such madness that her paroxysms of rage and terror are indescribably shocking.

—The crowning of the *rosiere* was very brilliant this year at Nanterre, which, along with Montreuil and Suresnes, has preserved the pleasant custom of annually crowning the young girl of their neighborhood who has the purest character. The *rosiere*, or selected "Queen of Virtue," has to retain the chaplet bestowed upon her perfectly immaculate for a year, and cannot marry until a successor has been chosen to fill her place. She then gets presents from the people, and sometimes from the Emperor. The selection is made by the Mayor of the district, and is seldom disputed.

—An Irish gentleman of great wealth makes up for a constitutional aversion to talking by keeping eight private printing presses constantly employed on tracts of his own composition in seven languages.

—Paris has a milliner case, involving a disputed bill, which also has puzzled the courts and still remains undecided. The bill was rendered for three years, which is a long account; but the amount was some $50,000. The lady who shone in this extravagance is named in the bill as Madame La Comtesse and Milady Hope-Rapp, and it is, perhaps, quite as much her notoriety as the charges which make the case noticeable. This lady is the daughter of General Rapp, and some years ago married the English banker Hope. Although she married him simply and solely for his money, it was not until she passed the flower of her youth, and become the mother of several children, that she fell in love so decidedly with a Count, young enough to be her son, that her husband felt authorized to procure a divorce. After his death she assumed her maiden name. An idea of the scale of charges to which this lady objects may be gained by considering the fact that the simple cutting out of one dress is put down at 500 francs. There are other items, such as "Lent $15,000 to Madame La Comtesse Hope-Rapp one evening, when she intended to play at *baccarat*; premium on the aforesaid loan, 1,500 francs; interest 700 francs," which go to show how the sum total was achieved. But it is only fair to say that Madame La Comtesse paid some $60,000 of the amount before she began to grumble. The Countess Rapp is a sister-in-law of the Duke of Newcastle, and seems to participate in the magnificent tastes of that young gentleman, who has recently come to grief in a similar manner, but from a different cause.

—A Paris letter says: "There are hundreds of Americans arriving here now each week, and these patronize liberally the Gaite Theatre (Chatte Blanche), the Cirque de l'Imperatrice, and Mabille. I do not think I have ever before heard of so many American ladies going to the latter place. 'Just to see once, you know!' and then finding it quite convenient to go again with freshly arrived friends, who, in turn, must see the thing 'just once.' Years ago, when the better class of semi-mundanes went pretty regularly to Mabille, the place was really attractive, if only because of the beauty of the women, the elegance of their toilets, and splendor of the gardens and kiosques, which are lighted *a giorno*, and must be considered the most beautiful of the kind. Now-a-days, however, or rather now-a-nights, the women who attend this place are of the lowest. The dancing is all done by hired parties, and the Cocottes, formerly Lorettes, go no longer to such places."

—It is not very difficult to find admission into Parisian society, particularly if one be rich—the "almighty dollar" having nowhere so many worshippers as here, and where touters do a rousing trade, by introducing into circles "distinguished foreigners." Two of the latter class, very wealthy, have of late been much patronized—they were man and wife, lived in princely style, but all the "Who's Who's" could not tell their history. Satan had found mischief for some idle hands to do, as, last week, when Mr. and Mrs. Croesus appeared at a noble lady's reception, the latter approached them, and in her most smiling manner apologized for not being able to include a "*trapese*" in the evening's amusement. Madame Croesus became suddenly ill, requested to retire, and with her husband have shot from the city like rockets. It turned out that they were both acrobats in their day, and had made their "pile" in working circuses in several countries.

—The London *Spectator* says: "The Derby this year has been a failure. The crowd was smaller, dingier and more blackguard than usual; the road was very dull; the weather was very disagreeable, and the pace of the horses running was very slow. The public, too, lost its money. It chose to believe that because Macgregor was the fastest horse he therefore would win the race, and betted upon him till everybody who understood the turf knew that he must lose or the ring would be ruined. Consequently, Kingcraft, with twenty to one against him, came in first, and Macgregor, with three to one on him, came in fourth. Moral: When you want to gamble, do it on dice. They may not be loaded. To judge by appearances, it will in a few years more be as bad style for men to go down to the Derby as it is now for women, and the Epsom course will be surrendered to the 'legs,' roughs, and fools; to whom, while the present racing system continues, race-courses belong. When betting on horses has become unfashionable, the Legislature will probably decree that it shall also be illegal, and the millions will be compelled to throw away their money on some other method of guessing by rule."

—A ballet-dancer of the name of B——, belonging to the Royal Opera of Berlin, had got into a quarrel with the Graf von S——, an officer in the Royal Guard, and had insulted his adversary in the presence of several of the officers of the Guard. But the man was much too fine a gentleman to fight a man so much beneath him in standing as a ballet dancer. A duel, if it can so be called, was accordingly agreed on, by the terms of which the first of the two opponents who was seen without a glove on his left hand was to kill himself. It may well be imagined the for several days neither Count von S—— nor B—— took off their left-hand gloves either by night or day. At last the unfortunate B—— having gone out for a walk with a young lady to whom he was engaged to be married, his companion teased him so much about his obstinacy in keeping his glove ... moment he bared his ... Von S—— ... [illegible]

WASHINGTON.

...Indian Appropriation Bill and Indian Policy.

...Southern Pacific Railroad Issue.

...Secretary Gets Another of His Railroads Extended.

Special Despatch to The Chicago Tribune.

INDIAN APPROPRIATION BILL.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 23.—The Indian Appropriation bill will reach the House again in a day or two, with report from Dawes' committee ... [illegible]

... large, consisting of forty-eight different species of breech-loading rifles, carbines, pistols, and revolvers, ... [illegible]

SOUTHERN PACIFIC ...

THE TAX AND ...

ARMY APPOINTMENTS ...

MARSHAL FOR SOUTHERN OHIO.

MINISTER TO ITALY.

OBITUARY.

DARIEN EXPEDITION.

A Generally Unsatisfactory Report.

NEW YORK, June 23.—Advices from Darien ... [illegible]

Albany Cattle Market.

[illegible]

MILITARY.

Action of the Board of Army Officers Appointed to Report on Small Arms, Accoutrements, Etc.

ST. LOUIS, June 23.—The board of army officers ... [illegible]